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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1904.

The Week.

There is certainly a comic element in the latest descent of Republican Senators upon the White House. They have gone, unless their own discreet leakings betray them, to remonstrate with the President for taking everything into his own hands. Aldrich and Kean and Fairbanks and the others are pained to find the campaign cut and dried—not by their own hands. Here is Mr. Cortelyou announced as National Chairman, though the Convention is still three weeks away and the National Committee has not even met, to say nothing of organizing. Platform and the nominating speeches have received the White House *visé*. It is more than hinted, besides, that the President is going into the paddock to pick out his own running mate. All this, protest the grieved Senators, tends to degrade the National Convention very much to the condition of the sturdy beggar who told the magistrate that he “did some work fifteen years ago.” Yet why should the Senators be filled with dismay at seeing the President display the qualities for which they have praised him? Have they not written countless platforms and made endless speeches in laudation of his fearless energy, his powerful grasp of public affairs, his bold initiative, his inflexible resolution in getting the thing done? Really, the one who is entitled to be surprised is, not they, but Mr. Roosevelt himself. He might reasonably say that he was but acting in the very way that they liked and applauded. His ready audacity, his habit of going straight to his goal, his contempt for precedents and appearances—why should they shout themselves hoarse over his masterful fashion of doing the work next at hand if they really objected to it?

The complex politics of this country never produced a stranger set of contradictions than are presented by the Wisconsin fight. Senator Spooner, who has identified himself so prominently with the expounding of Administration policies that it is hard to see how any gathering of Republicans can get along without him, will go to the National Convention at the head of a bolting delegation, while the regular credentials are held by the followers of a man as far removed in his political ideals from the school of Aldrich, Allison, Payne, or Dalzell, as is John Sharp Williams. Considerations of mere consistency strongly favor keeping out of this year's convention the Republican apostle of “running amuck.” The irregulars in State politics are strictly

orthodox on national issues. The report that if the “Stalwart” delegates are seated at Chicago, the La Follette men will “take it out” on the national ticket, has thus a strong basis of probability. Publication of extracts from the minutes of the State Central Committee appear to show beyond dispute that even if the Stalwarts' position as to the rights of delegates had been sustained, La Follette would still have controlled the convention. The committee voted unanimously, on motion of one of the six “Stalwart” members, to seat two of his county delegations, which, together with the votes already conceded, made a clear majority. On the question of party loyalty there appears to be little choice between a faction which would elect a Democratic governor rather than give in, and one which is ready to give the State's electoral vote to the Democrats if it fails to gain its point.

A verdict acquitting Barrett and Tyner, accused of procuring and extending official favor to get-rich-quick swindles, surprises nobody who has watched the course of the trial. There has evidently been much sympathy for Tyner, an old man, broken in mind and body; and, more than that, the evidence has admitted the doubt whether he may not have been “worked” by his nephew, Barrett, in whom he may have confided. In short, the jury, even if “morally certain” of Tyner's and Barrett's guilt, may yet have felt that absolute legal proof was lacking. But were Tyner absolutely innocent, he nevertheless richly deserved dismissal from the Postal Department; on the most favorable construction of his acts, he was grossly incompetent. True, the President, in dealing with Cornelius Van Cott of New York, proceeds on the theory that a postmaster, however incapable or corrupt, may serve out his term so long as he is not unmistakably a criminal. But the Van Cott case was an exception to the rule which the President has laid down for other men; for Van Cott has the backing of powerful politicians, for whose favor just now the President seems ready to sacrifice his principles.

If the campaign against quack doctors, fought with the fraud order as a weapon, is to begin directly, one safe prediction is that next year's deficiency bill will carry a substantial item for additional assistants in the offices of the chief postal inspector and the assistant attorney-general for the Post-Office Department. The cause is good, but the result of a systematic overhauling of the worthless patent medicines and the advertising charlatans will be like stirring up a nest

of wasps. Even when the Government has a clear case, the men who are hit will not succumb without a legal fight, while in the majority of cases, where there will doubtless be something plausible to say on the other side, the undertaking will be still more difficult. A great army of rural weeklies will protest that they could not live without the questionable advertising which they get on long-time contracts with sure pay. It is a reproach to a section of the religious press that it, too, has been willing to open its columns to the offensive announcements. These will denounce as harsh and tyrannical the action which excludes them from the mails. It remains to be seen, in any event, how far the house-to-house circular or the card handed out on the elevated stairway can take the place of newspaper exploitation of “osmotic treatments.”

It looks as if the Merchant Marine Commission might prove a kicking gun for the Republicans. It was one thing for such men as James J. Hill and Lewis Nixon to cast contempt on ship subsidies, but it is quite another for Edwin S. Cramp to say that he has thrown that policy overboard. In his remarks before the Commission at Philadelphia on Friday, he said a number of things which should not be told in Gath. There was a time, he declared, when materials entering into ships were lower in this country than in Europe, and that time was only six or seven years ago. The fact that we can produce materials as cheaply as our competitors, whenever we see fit, is not a very good argument for bounty-fed ships. Mr. Cramp sees that the game is up, so far as subsidies are concerned. As he cannot get what he would like, he will take what he can get. At least, he cries, give us larger postal grants and discriminating duties. Do the shipping mendicants know what they are doing in asking for discriminating duties? Are they prepared to throw over all our treaties with foreign Powers and provoke retaliatory measures? Such a policy as Mr. Cramp suggests is explicitly forbidden. Our treaty with Great Britain, for instance, provides that British goods shall be subjected to no higher duties than are levied on similar goods “on the importation of the same in American vessels.”

Wool statistics, as given in the annual report of the New York Chamber of Commerce, should draw forth a word of explanation from Secretary Wilson. The Department of Agriculture states that the number of sheep in the country increased from 41,883,065 in 1899 to 63,964,876 in 1903. But the Chamber of Com-

merce reports only 39,284,000 sheep last year. The trustworthiness of the Government's statistics can hardly be admitted, even assuming that lambs were omitted in 1899 and included in 1903. The Chamber of Commerce's enumeration, which conforms closely to that of other experts, fails to show that the Dingley tariff has stimulated the sheep industry to any remarkable extent. In fact, there are not nearly so many sheep in the country to-day as at some previous periods. In 1893 we produced 303,153,000 pounds of wool, but in 1903 the clip amounted to only 287,450,000 pounds. All this may seem strange, in view of the apparent high prices the growers have been getting for their wool for the last few years. As for the wool manufacturers, their profits are coming hard this year. By a striking coincidence, just as the Chamber of Commerce announces that the duty on carpet wool "discourages our manufacturers," word comes that the Bigelow mills at Lowell will shut down for over a month, throwing 3,500 operatives out of work.

Ex-President Cleveland goes too far in saying that the gold reserve in the Treasury still lacks such safeguards as would have prevented its depletion in 1894. There is a measure of truth in this, but the conditions of 1894 are not likely to recur. The chief trouble ten years ago was that the Government was spending more than it collected. Then it became necessary to issue bonds. If Uncle Sam had said squarely to the world, "For every dollar of money you lend me, I promise to return a dollar of gold of standard weight and fineness," he would have had no such trouble as he then experienced. The Treasury may have to borrow again, some day, but when this occurs Wall and Lombard Streets will not have an ague fit, as they did a decade ago. The financial world will say that Uncle Sam is hard up, and that it will be no sin to stick him for the highest rate he can be made to stand; but it will not say that the purchasing price of the dollar is likely to be cut in half. Thus the gold-standard law of 1900 makes 1904 a very different time from 1894.

That even the pro-American Federalist party in the Philippines is interested in the subject of independence may be learned from its organ, *La Democracia*, Manila. In the issue of March 30 that journal sums up recent American discussion of insular problems, attaching peculiar importance to Secretary Root's speech before the Union League Club. "Of more importance than the foregoing report [Gov. Taft's] is, in our modest opinion, the address given recently by ex-Secretary Root, . . . an address received with unconcealed apprehension and disfavor by an American journal

of this capital, which calls the ex-Secretary a 'twaddler.'" The expression which especially aroused the admiration of the *Democracia* is this: "I hope that the day will come in which the Philippines will have towards us substantially the relations of Cuba." "From this speech," says the Manila editor, "is clearly to be inferred that the future policy for the Philippines—a matter by no means forgotten by the Federal party—is shortly to be an issue in the United States." What this friendly editor would have felt if he had realized that Secretary Taft does not so much as wish to discuss independence for a hundred years or so, may be imagined by the sympathetic.

The point is, of course, that here you have the official organ of the pro-American party not only discussing independence, but welcoming it. Note, too, that these Federalists are not misled by the vapors of Boston Anti-Imperialists, nor by the kind of agitation which Secretary Taft has told us befogs the Filipino mind. On the contrary, the *Democracia* is commenting on Administration bills in Congress, on reports of Mr. Taft, and on a speech of Mr. Root. That is, if all the pesky Anti-Imperialists were sunk in Massachusetts Bay, these volatile Filipinos would apparently find food for their love of liberty in the official utterances of those who think independence is a very dangerous word to use. There could be no more beautiful proof of the fallacy into which Mr. Taft fell when he imagined that the question of independence could be put in cold-storage for a century. The platform of the Maryland Democrats last week, shows that if the Republicans think to burke this issue, the other party will take it up eagerly.

Not a few excellent results are likely to flow from the action of the Presbyterian General Assembly last week in modifying its attitude towards the question of marriage and divorce. An effort has been made to bring about a "church comity" in the matter of marriages of divorced persons. It was urged that the divorce problem would in considerable measure be solved if the clergy of one church would agree not to perform the marriage ceremony for persons of other churches who were under the ban. It was contended among Presbyterians, however, that, as they had their own rules, and as, under these, persons debarred by other marriage services could in some cases properly be united, there was no call for action on the part of the General Assembly. Yet the latter adopted a resolution in favor of refusing to perform service for any person whose marriage was prohibited by his own church, unless such action should work injustice to an innocent party in a divorce for

Scriptural reasons. This action is a discouragement to divorce. It is also a step towards creating a stronger "courtesy of the profession" than has hitherto existed among the clergy of the various churches. And by keeping the different communions busy fighting a common evil, it will possibly make them forget that they are not really brothers.

The engravers of music have brought us to a pretty pass. They are comparatively few in number, are well paid, yet have always refused to join the lithographers' union. But now the latter has received the aid of the Musical Protective Association, which has just decreed that hereafter its members shall play no music that does not have the union label on it. This measure is to be carried through in no half-way manner. Care will be taken to see not only that the sheets are engraved by union labor, but that everything else from start to finish represents organized labor. The proper way would be, of course, to put a label on the white sheets, another across the ink, with a guarantee of the pure motives of the engravers, etc. But the Musical Protective Association proposes to do even better than this. Hereafter composers themselves must belong to the Association. In short, "the musical entertainment shall be union from the brain of the genius who composes to the execution of the artist who plays." This is a good idea; it will tend to eliminate that erratic character of genius which the moralists of all ages have deplored. Unfortunately, however, this new ruling will at the start apply only to band and orchestral compositions, whereas the greater portion of the music put upon the market is for piano and voices, and goes into the homes. There is no escape from it; the home must be unionized. They err who think this would be a difficult task. A proper amount of picketing and boycotting would do the work. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—all unionized—would have to put on the screws for but a short time.

Liberal opposition to the Grand Trunk Pacific project broke down badly at Ottawa when it came to a vote. It made no difference that the scheme had been riddled in debate, that the Government was shown to be assuming dangerously large and indefinite liabilities, that there was no guarantee, except the success of the road itself, that the Eastern branch would compete disastrously with the Intercolonial (the Government) Railway—all these valid objections yielded to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's vague promises of great prosperity to come. Defenders of the scheme point to the fact that the Dominion, though guaranteeing three-quarters of the cost of construction, makes much better terms than formerly with

the Canadian Pacific; against which view it may be urged that the new trans-continental line is far less necessary. The Western Division from Winnipeg to Port Simpson, just south of the Alaska line, runs through a country rich in grain, timber, and minerals; the eastern division from Winnipeg through northern Ontario to Moncton, N. B., in its middle section, at least, lies through a region of very doubtful promise. For many years it will probably supply little but a too costly freight service for lumber, and open up a sporting region now comparatively inaccessible. It may be asked why Sir Wilfrid Laurier has staked his political fortunes on so doubtful a scheme. Partly because he is caught by the mere glitter of it, partly because he honestly wishes to rectify certain geographical anomalies under which the Dominion is suffering. The isolation of the populous provinces from each other tends undoubtedly to disunion, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in accepting what looks like a hard bargain with the Grand Trunk, may be guided not only by his immediate political star, but by a forward-looking patriotism. In fact, it is rather difficult to see anything improper in his attitude except perhaps an undue impatience to get a new transcontinental road—a sentiment akin to President Roosevelt's about the Panama ditch.

Though the French Ambassador read the riot act rather peremptorily to the Papal Secretary, there was apparently nothing in the now famous protest of the Pope which could have been explained better in two hours than in an instant. In general, the note as published in *L'Humanité* contained a reaffirmation of the Pope's Temporal Power; a protest against the continued usurpation of the House of Savoy; and in especial a complaint that President Loubet was to visit the usurper "at the very seat of the Pontifical See, and in the very Apostolic Palace" (*i. e.*, the Quirinal). In the version sent to the Catholic Powers was contained the phrase, "And if, in spite of this, the Papal Nuncio remained in Paris, this was due solely to grave motives of an especial order." This clause, it appears, was omitted from the copy of the circular note sent to the French Foreign Office. In other words, the Vatican apologized to the Catholic Powers for not breaking off diplomatic relations with France, asserting that step to be justifiable, but for the moment inexpedient. Of course, the Papal Secretary will plead, and rightly, the secrecy of diplomatic correspondence, but that will not excuse him for issuing a threat superfluous at best and offensive if known. To withdraw the Nuncio would at least have been consistent; merely to say that he ought to be withdrawn was unworthy of a trained diplomat. Perhaps the most

important inference to be drawn from the affair is that there is no hope for the reconciliation of the Papacy and the Kingdom of Italy during the life of the present Pope.

Premier Combes used very moderately his Parliamentary victory on Friday. The overwhelming majority which sustained his partial breach of diplomatic relations with the Vatican is a pretty clear indication that he might, if he wished, effect the denunciation of the Concordat. He realizes, however, the practical difficulties that surround such a course, and he seems to have a shrewd sense that the postponement of the rupture will keep the Church in a very salutary state of suspense. Personally, he stands uncommitted to any definite revision of the treaty with the Holy See. Instead, he asks for time, and gives assurances, which were hardly needed, that the Ministry favors the separation of Church and State. The debate brought out clearly the fact that the diplomatic breach is incomplete unless the Vatican chooses to make it definitive; an under-secretary still represents France at the Papal Court. Pius X. will hardly add that folly to a blunder already sufficiently regrettable.

In the tiff between President Loubet and the Pope, the King of Italy, who was formally dubbed a lawless usurper, was really the aggrieved person, so it is no wonder that certain zealous members of the Italian Parliament have demanded some sort of formal rebuke of the Pope. Premier Giolitti neatly evaded the embarrassment of moving a Parliamentary censure upon an infallible Pontiff by recalling that the hostility of Pius X. had happily elicited the most gratifying expressions of friendship from France. So far from being a matter of regret, the Papal protest had really cemented the Franco-Italian *entente* and strengthened the House of Savoy. A certain conventional, not to say farcical, element in the fiction of Temporal Power is clearly shown in the permission granted to Cardinal Svampa to meet the King at Bologna, shortly after the publication of the now famous circular note. Svampa is an ecclesiastic of the most liberal type, but he was permitted to accept an audience with the King at Bologna, once a part of the Papal States. That suggests that the Papal claims have much abated, and that the quarrel with the House of Savoy, though bitter in theory, is largely tactical. Giolitti's easygoing comment on the Pope's recent indiscretion is in striking contrast to the celestial ire manifested in the French Chamber of Deputies.

The legislative programme recently unfolded by Mr. Watson, the new Pre-

mier of Australia, contains no startling features. Indeed, it raises the hope that the Labor party may use its control of the Government with moderation. Mr. Watson displays a capacity to look at the situation broadly, and except in one or two particulars his policy cannot be viewed as extreme by the Australians. He has accepted the Conciliation and Arbitration bill of his predecessor, modifying it merely to the extent of including railway and other State employees. It was this last provision that wrecked the Deakin Ministry. An attempt will be made to introduce federal old-age pensions, and state control of the tobacco trade is advocated; but the various nations of the earth have become hardened to such contingencies. Premier Watson also hopes to pass a banking bill with conservative provisions regarding cash reserves. His new programme is along the line of more completely solidifying the Commonwealth. A capital-site bill will be pressed, and also one appointing a high commissioner in London, who shall supersede the representatives of the various States. In short, the Labor party has shown no desire as yet to administer the Government in its shirt-sleeves.

The latest news of the battle of Kinchow at once emphasizes the disaster of the defeat and the frightful costliness of the victory. There can be no doubt that Gen. Stoessel hoped to hold Nan-shan Heights indefinitely. Otherwise he would never have mounted upwards of seventy guns at that point, including heavy pieces from the dismantled ships. By the loss of this artillery the armament of Port Arthur is appreciably weakened. Indeed, it is hard to see how the storming of the fortress itself can offer much greater difficulties than the taking of Nan-shan Hill. It appears to have been the remarkable artillery service of the Japanese that made the victory of last week possible after the reckless daring of the charging infantry had been spent in vain. We read, though the report is not specific, of entire charging columns annihilated, as certain Union regiments were before Petersburg. That Port Arthur can long hold out against the tactics that won at Kinchow is very doubtful. The landward defences are still far from strong, and the sea batteries are dangerously exposed to fire from behind. Stoessel's billeting of so many guns on Nan-shan Heights implies that he regarded the neck of Kinchow as his real defence in the rear. We may expect, then, a direct attack upon the Port Arthur forts as soon as the Japanese artillery can be brought up. Gen. Oku is fortunate in having troops who have put away the fear of death, for the storming of Port Arthur will probably mean not one but many an engagement as bloody as that of Wednesday week.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONCENTRATION

Republican dreams about a hopelessly divided and incurably foolish Democracy are in the way of being rudely dispelled. Every successive convention brings nearer Democratic sanity and Democratic harmony. In Ohio last week the repudiation of Bryan, Hearst, and all their works was emphatic. The conservatives of the party were in full control. Scarcely less gratifying is the fact that State after State in the South is fighting shy of the old monetary delusions. This makes it certain that there is no more likelihood of the Kansas City platform being "reaffirmed" at St. Louis than there is that the Ptolemaic system will be dragged from its tomb. Say not the struggles of 1896 and 1900 naught availed. They settled for this country the question of the standard of value, and it will not be reopened. The Democratic party will not again tie the millstone of free silver about its neck.

To cut away a dead issue is, of course, not sufficient. That simply puts a party in condition to make a campaign; but the campaign itself has to get impetus from ideas that are alive. Here, too, there are signs of an increasing harmony of Democratic sentiment. The party, like any Opposition, must seize the openings offered by the Administration. How it proposes to do so, we may fairly infer from the various State platforms already adopted. Republican extravagance is to be attacked. It is as gross as a mountain. It is confessed and deplored by Republicans. We are headed straight for a Treasury deficit, and swollen appropriations are the main cause. Furthermore, the country will be asked to pronounce against a rampant, costly, and dangerous spirit of militarism in the Government; against lawless usurpations by the Executive; against corruption in the public service, and particularly against a partisan refusal to have it thoroughly investigated. Finally, the abuses of a monopoly-fostering tariff will be assailed. In spite of the complacent belief of the *Tribune* that no one will dare lip a word against protection in the coming campaign, we shall hear the inequalities, the injustices, the outrages of our existing tariff denounced by a thousand orators. Good rallying cries the Democrats have in abundance; and there is more and more agreement about the ones to be made prominent.

Concentration upon issues has proceeded more rapidly than upon candidates. Judge Parker is adding every week to the number of his delegates. Alabama and Tennessee have declared for him, and he will undoubtedly have a long lead on the first ballot at St. Louis. Yet the convention will contain a large number of uninstructed and, it appears at present, undecided members

—enough, undoubtedly, to defeat Parker if they could be got unanimously and enthusiastically to go for some other man. But can they? Where is the dark horse darker than Judge Parker himself? It is not necessary to say anything of the rumored plan to "stampede" the convention. We have just seen in Illinois how little likely an advertised stampede is to come off.

Those who predict Parker's defeat at St. Louis fall back upon general reasoning about conventions. Combinations to kill off the leading candidate are common; therefore, the others will unite after the first ballot upon some other man. But this is to forget that the leading candidate thus combined against has usually made himself offensive to the followers of others. He has remorselessly fought his way to the front over their bodies, and has left rancors and bitterness along his track. This, however, is not true of Judge Parker. Even those who oppose him have no personal grievance to allege, or unfair tactics on his part to parade. If he has awakened no great enthusiasm, he has at least provoked no animosities. Consequently, the ordinary motives to get up a union of votes against *this* leading candidate are wanting. Besides, where is the man upon whom it will be easier to unite than upon Judge Parker? The widely known Democrats are impossible. Gorman, Hill, Pattison, Tom Johnson, Bryan, Mayor Harrison—it would excite ridicule to propose to combine upon either of them. But if it must, then, be a case of taking up an unknown, who can pose as more available than Parker? This is the question which those who prophesy Parker's failure to get the nomination do not answer. "Oh," they say glibly, "any man can do it." But the reply is, like Lincoln's to Senator Wade, "Yes, but it takes *some* man to do it, and who is the man?"

Is he Mayor McClellan? His name is oftenest used in this connection. But what would it mean to the Democracy at large? The name, to be sure, of a gentleman, and of an official who has won praise from his opponents—more, really, than from his supporters; but it would be the name, primarily, of a Tammany nominee; more narrowly, of a Murphy protégé. How Judge Parker could be passed over for him, we confess that we are unable to see. If Hill is offensive, Murphy is more so. If factional differences in New York are dreaded, Tammany domination of the party would be hated. As for Murphy, he has thrown off his mask. His pretence of being for Cleveland is now seen to be hollow. He meant McClellan all along. To make Tammany—alias Murphy—supreme in State and nation as well as in New York, was his real ambition. But his leadership already stands for failure. Arrogantly setting up to be a State boss, he was beaten in a square fight. Even in

his own city his position is insecure, being undermined every day. Thus a movement to nominate Mayor McClellan at St. Louis would be practically a movement to restore the waning prestige of a Tammany boss. We do not say that it will not be attempted, or that it will surely fail; but we refuse to believe it until we see it.

QUAY.

The national shame of a public career like the late Matthew S. Quay's could be made more blistering in only one way—by glozing over in his death the frightful evil of his life. We are glad to see that there is some plain speaking. A few Republican newspapers that have not the courage to tell the truth about Quay, at least are significantly silent. But there is an appalling amount of crouching over his grave "with craven soul and fettered lip." Lamentably, the attempt to make out this gigantic political corruptionist other than he was, begins with that white-souled champion of reform, that flaming hater of all that Quay stood for, Theodore Roosevelt. His shocked friends could have read only with a groan that telegram of condolence in which the President, taking pains to say that his message was not a cold official utterance, but a personal one, spoke of Quay as "my stanch and loyal friend."

Was he, however, a friend of decency in politics? Was he a friend of honesty in public life? Was he not, rather, the friend of jobbers and bribers, an adept in political methods the most abhorrent and demoralizing known to his generation, the chief agent in making Pennsylvania politics besotted, Philadelphia politics sodden, and, so far as he was able, the policy and personnel of his party an offence to the nostrils? No one knows better than Mr. Roosevelt. No one has written bitterer words than he about the men of Quay's class—"those sinister beings who batten on the evil of our political system." It was precisely Quay and his kind that Theodore Roosevelt had in mind when he said that "the real and dangerous foe is the corrupt politician." And it was a condemnation of his own present attitude which he penned when he wrote that "it is a dreadful thing" to "condone misconduct in a public man," and affirmed that the "shame" of politics is to "deify mere success without regard to the moral qualities lying behind it."

Senator Quay's political example has been consistently vicious. It was bad all through. He had no concealments. "If I had lived in New York," he once said, "I should have been a Tammany man." That is, he would have gone in for plunder. But in Pennsylvania and Philadelphia the loot had a Republican label on it; consequently, he was a Republican. Absolutely cynical, he never

pretended to look upon politics except as an exciting game in which glittering stakes were to be won by the cool-headed and the unscrupulous. Just as he gambled in the stock market, so he made huge wagers in politics, and out of both got satisfaction for his gamester's passion with large pecuniary returns. Beginning his political course by using the office of State Treasurer in a way to bring him within the shadow of prison walls, he steadily played the game thereafter, with parties as but so many horses on which to lay odds, and elections nothing but a grand sweepstakes. He won; but what of that, so long as he was compelled to stand up before the eyes of his countrymen bearing "the shameful brand of public fraud"?

Mr. Quay did not create the conditions upon which he rose to his bad eminence; he simply used them with singular skill and without one scruple. His lot it was to live in a State which, from the earliest days of our existence as a nation, has been foremost in asserting it to be the duty of the Government to make the individual rich. Joined to the idols of protection, Pennsylvania has best illustrated its inherent tendency to political corruption. Tariff favors are worth paying for. Once obtained, they come to be regarded as a sort of property right, and a man will pay out half his property in order to avoid losing the rest. Quay was able to put that two and two together. Put money in thy purse, was his one political motto. He got funds from the protected manufacturers and from their federated beneficiaries in sums without previous parallel. Just to make himself State chairman—merely to win a fight within the party—he spent \$200,000. Yet the Lincoln campaign of 1860 cost in Pennsylvania only \$12,000! Quay hit up the pace fearfully. He bought the organization, bribed or intimidated the press, got his grip on the public service, including even the courts; imposed his will on Congress and Cabinets, and upon at least three Presidents—making the latter provide for the offal of his machine, which even Pennsylvania could no longer stomach—and all without identifying his name with a single measure of public good, without making a speech or uttering a party watchword, without even pretending to be honest, but solely because, like Judas, he carried the bag and could buy whom he would.

To hold up such a man as a "friend" is to make the devil chuckle. President Roosevelt has been pretty complacent on more than one occasion over the skilful way in which he had "used" Quay. "You say I have no diplomacy; but see how often Quay has cracked the whip over the Pennsylvania delegation and made it vote to support me." But the art of touching pitch without being defiled has not yet been discovered. No President could "use" a corruptionist such as Quay without being, in the act, used by

him. In every bargain of that kind, it is the President who gets cheated. He wins votes, it may be, but he loses his good name and throws away his influence. No; we may have to put up with men of the Quay type for a time yet—we cannot eliminate them from our politics; but there is only one thing for honest men to do—to fight them while they live, and to speak the truth about them after they are dead. Endangered States may be compelled to "stoop their proud necks" to many disagreeable necessities; but it can never be necessary to call evil good. To compromise with a living public corrupter is recreancy; to praise a dead one is treason.

PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

Mergers are in the air, in the ecclesiastic as well as the financial world; and the action of the General Assembly at Buffalo looking to union with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and even, ultimately, to reunion with the Presbyterians of the South, is but part of one of the large movements of the day. Still, the decisive vote to take in the Cumberland Presbyterians has a significance wider than a mere readjustment of church organization. Its doctrinal implications are almost startling, for the Cumberland church rejects at least three of the "five points" of Calvinism, and is more than suspected of Arminianism. The overlooking of this is a noteworthy sign of the times.

Ex-President Patton of Princeton fought, as usual, a magnificent rear-guard action. His guns point backward more consistently than those of any theologian of his day. From the time that he prosecuted Professor Swing in Chicago down to his solemn protests last week, he has stood valiantly for the faith once delivered to John Calvin. Time and again the tide of battle has rolled over him; but at the next engagement his flag of the five bars has flown as defiantly as ever, and Athanasius again has defied the world, the *Zeit-Geist* and all his works. He opposed revision of the creed tooth and nail, asserting that an emasculated Calvinism was next door to the synagogue of Satan; and, now that revision has been accomplished, he stoutly denies that it meant anything in particular. Others may change; Dr. Patton is immovable.

That this attitude is in many respects admirable, we should be among the first to admit. It is something, in an age of flux and flabbiness, to find a man who has a sinewy mind and believes absolutely in the validity of its logical processes—ready to affirm that all men are wrong rather than admit a flaw in his own reasoning. For it is, apparently, the intellectual symmetry of Calvinism which commends the system to Professor Patton. As upon so many other

mighty thinkers, its logic has laid a spell upon him. Considered merely as a means of condemning the uncounted millions of the human race to hell without a single lapse in arguing from the premises, the Calvinistic theology may claim undisputed eminence. Granting its assumptions, it is objection-proof—like other forms of fatalism. Into this we have no thought of going; but what leaves us wondering is Dr. Patton's air of defending, not a theological system, but a precious belief of actual flesh-and-blood Presbyterians of to-day. Now, as a matter of fact, we venture to say, not one Presbyterian in ten could even state the doctrines of Calvinism correctly, and not one in a hundred would accept them in their stark original form. They are not preached from the pulpit; the pews are more and more ignorant of them. Jonathan Edwards could no more preach to-day his sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" than he could enforce the rules of the Presbyterian or Methodist Church against "worldly amusements."

For saying this, we may again be charged with presuming to know more about the churches than do the clergy themselves. But nothing is more useful to ministers than frequent reminders how hard it is for them to find out what their parishioners really think. A clergyman is like a President, or a boss; no one tells him the exact truth. He is surrounded by people who are in an unconscious conspiracy to deceive him. Only a very alert or sagacious minister can penetrate through the pious platitudes and acquiescences of his hearers, and arrive at their real views of religion, not to speak of the infinitely harder task of discovering their actual notions of theology. The sort of mental click, shutting off frankness, which Emerson heard in the Anglican Bishop, must be a familiar sound to a sharp-eared clergyman. And just in proportion to his success in detecting the thought of church-people to-day will be his conviction that theological doctrine, as such, has but the slightest meaning to them and the frailest hold upon them. That formal dress of religion has, in the minds of the great majority of the Christian commonalty, waxed old as doth a garment, and as a vesture it is changed.

In such a time of theological break-up, the patient searcher after truth has a hard time of it, as Principal Tulloch explained. On the one hand he has to encounter "the bigotries of an omniscient science," and on the other the "jealousies of an omniscient theology." To give all truth its due and to recognize and explore facts of whatever kind, refusing to affirm where the grounds of affirmation are wanting—only in that way can progress be made. And there is a law of progress even in theology. Dornier wrote of it, and his incidental comment reads almost like a melancholy reference

to what President Patton was engaged in last week:

"Whosoever, at crises when the Church is called upon to quit an old path and to enter upon a new sphere, both of thought and speech, persists in keeping to the old, will be left behind; and not the firmest confidence in the justice of his own position, nor the greatest authorities of former ages, can save an orthodoxy so obsolete."

AN IMPASSIVE STATESMAN.

In moving the erection of a Parliamentary memorial to the late Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour had a delicate duty, of which he acquitted himself most gracefully. He recalled that in the case of Disraeli and Gladstone this pious office fell to a political opponent unembarrassed by personal ties, while the expansive nature of Salisbury's two great predecessors gave every opportunity to the official eulogist. Mr. Balfour, on the contrary, was bound by the closest personal obligations to his uncle and former chief. Without Lord Salisbury's advice and encouragement he would hardly have undertaken a Parliamentary career. Furthermore, the well-known reticence of Lord Salisbury, his mistrust of sentiment, his detachment from his associates, his disregard of popular applause, made anything like a fervent appreciation a posthumous affront. Such considerations held Mr. Balfour to reticence and brevity.

Indeed, he devoted most of his speech to the elucidation of this stoical attitude of a great statesman. "I have never known him to speak of himself," he said of Lord Salisbury. He seldom, even in practical life, gave a reason for or against any course of action which went beyond the actual needs of the moment.

"It would be most unfair, I think, to say of Lord Beaconsfield that he was theatrical; but it would not be unfair to say that he had no objection to a picturesque or dramatic situation in which he was an important figure. It would be most unfair to say of Mr. Gladstone that he was greedy of popular applause; yet, rightly, I think, he I am sure was moved by the fervor of popular admiration which his genius was so eminently fitted to elicit. Lord Salisbury was, I believe, absolutely without any feelings of that kind at all. For good or for evil—and I do not say that it was wholly for good—he was completely indifferent to popular applause, or to applause of any kind, popular or otherwise; and that is so far apart from the ordinary feelings, or it may sometimes be the weakness, of humanity, that it makes his portraiture very difficult to draw."

Yet the figure of an impassive statesman emerged impressively in such a fact as that, for the thirty-six years after Lord Salisbury ceased to be a member of the Commons, he never came back to hear a debate. No wonder, then, that he rarely knew his younger Cabinet associates by sight, and is said never so much as to have set eyes on his formidable antagonist Parnell.

Such an obliviousness to considerations of personal association and popular applause should not be mistaken for arrogance. One cannot conceive Lord

Salisbury so far forgetting himself as to say, "The public be damned." His inflexibility was based on the assurance of his personal rectitude and of his prerogative as an aristocrat. Indeed, it may be seriously questioned if this unemotional view of politics is tolerable except under feudal conditions. It is instructive, for example, that a close parallel to Lord Salisbury's method was Richard Croker's rule over his machine. Let the parallel appall no one. Salisbury himself could not have swayed large issues more dispassionately or with a more complete disregard of personalities, and we have the very curious spectacle of plebeian Machiavellianism and aristocratic absolutism carrying an identical front towards the world. Why an impassivity which is admired in a British Premier and an American boss would be fatal in an American statesman, it may be worth while to inquire; for the discrepancy certainly implies that the party machine is the least democratic, the least American institution we have developed. Certainly our Congressional life, widely tolerant as it is, would not put up with any such assumption of superiority as was habitual with Lord Salisbury. Our Presidents, too, have not generally erred on the side of reticence. Even Mr. Cleveland, who honestly hated mere palaver, used sometimes to come out with frank denunciation or orotund personal statement.

If Lord Salisbury's impassivity was excessive, it still marked a superiority in the man and in the system that accepted him at his impersonal political value. For it is not to be supposed that the title of Marquis would have carried Salisbury through had he not possessed the abilities that he refused to exercise for his own credit. The man who partitioned Africa peacefully, needed to make no explanation that he was a born diplomat. Yet Lord Salisbury's position as an aristocrat did get him his chance originally. To a man of his temperament, a republic would hardly have yielded it, and that is one reason why the more uncompromising sort of ability is practically never found in our politics. For let us make no mistake. We need not condemn Cavour and Sumner because they were not self-contained men of Lord Salisbury's type, but we cannot fail to note the real distinction that was Salisbury's in a period of political garrulity. It is simply impossible that a statesman should gabble to all comers, exude vague comment upon every occasion, frequently take the temperature of his popularity, consider the strategic effect of his next public appearance, and still give his best powers to the work of administration. So the really significant feature of Lord Salisbury's isolation is not the personal superiority it lent him, but the leisure it procured him for great achievement. He had serious business to do, and could not be diverted by his

own feelings or those of others. A chief problem of republics will be so far to reduce the price of popularity that dispassionate ability like Lord Salisbury's may be had at need. Personally, there can be no doubt that his austere memory makes most of the leaders in England and elsewhere seem cheap.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

After four months of preliminary manœuvring, the situation on land has declared itself. Gen. Oku is in contact with the garrison of Port Arthur, which he outnumbered more than two to one. He has carried the first line of defence at Kinchow with a skill and intrepidity worthy of all praise. Kuropatkin has elected to make his stand along the line of the railroad from Hai-Cheng to Mukden, a line one hundred miles long, with perhaps 100,000 men. Kuroki, with a somewhat superior force, is ready to strike at the Russian right, while a simultaneous movement towards Liaoyang threatens the communications to the north. Rumors of a reconnaissance north of Mukden seem of little significance, and, as a matter of fact, Rennenkampf, with his superb brigade of Cossacks, is in a way to make trouble all along the Japanese right. Cavalry engagements in eastern Korea and along the Seul-Wiju road seem to be raids of no consequence.

So far the advantage is clearly with the Japanese. Kuropatkin has been forced to a defensive attitude, and is apparently hopelessly tied to the railroad. Gen. Zassalitch's fruitless defence of the Yalu has cost him dear. The Japanese have made good progress through very difficult country almost without loss, and are in a position to hurl superior numbers against almost any part of the long Russian line. Meanwhile, the complete blockade of Port Arthur will probably hasten the landing of a third Japanese army near Niu-Chwang, from which they will threaten Kuropatkin's right and rear. Yet he cannot well resist this attack without dangerously exposing his communications. Accordingly, it is very likely that he will choose a less dangerous defensive base than Hai-Cheng—probably at Liaoyang, or even Mukden. His natural policy would be to avoid a general engagement and wait for reinforcements and the rainy season. The Japanese, on the contrary, must press their initial advantage or largely sacrifice the strategic gain they have made.

What forced Kuropatkin to this rather humiliating policy of merely holding the railway seems to have been not the numerical inferiority, but the low morale of his army. On this matter the military critics of *Figaro* and the *London Times* are agreed. The latter shows instructively that the 223,000 troops, of which only about 140,000 are available for the field, are composed almost en-

tirely of raw regiments of the reservist type. The old organizations have been stretched to the breaking-point. Thus, six brigades which last autumn consisted of forty-eight undermanned battalions, now consist of 108, "officers and men equally ignorant of each other and of the country." From the two Siberian reserve brigades, again, consisting of eight battalions, forty-eight have been evolved. It is little wonder that Gen. Zarubaieff's Fourth Army Corps, thus constituted, has not yet been reported east of Lake Baikal. Summing up the situation, the *Times* critic estimates Kuropatkin's maximum force south of Mukden at 100,000, and characterizes it as "a shabby improvisation, possessing none of the qualities that make an army formidable save good arms, gallantry, and fine physique." In the transport and artillery service the condition is presumably worse, and it may be suspected that the army is dangerously immobile and unable to cope quickly with Kuroki's skilfully masked operations. So much may safely be inferred from the fact that Kuropatkin neither struck at Kuroki shortly after the battle of the Yalu, nor even harassed seriously the advance to the Manchurian watershed. Indeed, in view of the wholly defensive policy of Kuropatkin, the costly resistance at the Yalu and the retention of Port Arthur equally seem blunders.

Of the awkwardness of a situation in which the penetrating of his line at any point means the cutting of his communications, Kuropatkin must make the best. It is merely another instance of the extension of Russian sway being also its weakness. For the general military unpreparedness, for the policy of manning the Far Eastern divisions with inferior troops, the ex-Minister of War must, with the entire Russian bureaucracy, assume a large responsibility. How far the Japanese may be able to profit by the demoralization of their foes it would be unsafe to predict. The censorship prevents accurate news of their mobilization from reaching the Western world, and scanty advices from the front evidently have had all unfavorable comment officially eliminated. It is known, however, that for the present they are in considerable numerical superiority; that they are more mobile; that their supply service is excellent and especially well adapted to the mountainous country in which they are operating. Their chief present embarrassment is the difficulty of a descent upon Niu-Chwang. Until Kuroki is actually in contact with the Russians at Hai-Cheng—a move for which he is yet unready—a landing party would be in danger of being caught promptly between the Russians and the sea.

For the moment, then, Port Arthur is the critical point. Its fall would release Kuroki's army from their mountain fastnesses, supplying also reinforcements

for an enveloping movement which would force the Russians well back toward Mukden. But time is the all-important matter. The July rains will almost force an armistice. The remarkable strategy of the Japanese must be put to the stretch to compass the storming of Port Arthur and a general advance upon Kuropatkin within the next few weeks. The gallantry with which the neck of Kinchow and the heights of Nanshan were forced on Wednesday week shows that the valor of the Japanese infantry is equal to the tactics of their generals.

AN UNNOTED POLITICAL FACT.

LONDON, May 19, 1904.

The one feature in English public life which, unnoted though it be, deserves attention, is the increasing power of the Labor party. Trade-unionists may, in the next Parliament, be masters of the situation.

The accidents of the moment tell strongly in favor of the Labor party. Members of the Opposition and Ministerialists, Free Traders and Protectionists, are equally prepared to do homage to trade-unionism. Liberals cannot praise too highly artisans who, though caring nothing for individual liberty, are prepared to stand up for free trade, and, at any rate, to oppose a tax upon corn. Protectionists, on the other hand, perceive truly enough that the men who deprecate free trade in labor are not likely long to support absolute free trade in goods. Protectionists pardon the accidental opponents of to-day because in trade-unionists they see the firm allies of to-morrow. Even as things now stand, workingmen are well pleased to be protected against the competition of aliens. Protection is, after all, first cousin if not twin-brother to Socialism.

The increasing authority, again, of Socialism—or, as it may more fairly be termed, Collectivism—is no transitory phenomenon, and, as it grows, gives additional power to trade-unionism. Any observer who calmly looks back over the English legislation of the last thirty years, will be amazed at the prodigious ascendancy gradually obtained by ideas which, between 1848 and 1860, were denounced, or derided, as Socialism. The violence and failures of revolutionists had at that time made any attempt to realize social utopias an object not so much of hatred as of ridicule. Yet, even in 1848, the humanitarianism of the day had laid the foundations of that vast and expansive labor code which in England is a monument of the successful effort to place the control of labor in the hands of the State. The real character of a social revolution carried through under the guidance of Tories, such as Lord Shaftesbury, who themselves were as little inclined to become Socialists as to turn democrats, was utterly concealed from the philanthropists to whose energy is due the earliest practical triumphs of unrecognized and unsystematic collectivism. The factory movement fostered ideas unknown to most of its leaders. By, if not before, 1880, socialistic ideals had begun to affect English legislation. The wide extension of the Factory acts; the laws which from 1870 onwards, and especially in 1881, have made the tenure of land in Ireland a matter rather

of status than of contract; the Combination act of 1875, the Workmen's Compensation acts, and a score more of Parliamentary enactments have all tended in the direction of Socialism, and have all impressed upon the workingmen of England the lesson which always finds a large body of apt scholars, that the poor can obtain material comfort far more easily by the aid of the State (that is, by drawing money from the pockets of their neighbors) than by reliance on self-help. Hence, the legislation of the last thirty years has created a moral atmosphere favorable to the growth of trade-unionism, and deadly to the old Benthamite Liberalism which governed English legislation between 1830 and 1870.

Whoever doubts the strength of this new Socialism should cast his eye over the bills introduced into Parliament during the present session, and should also carefully note the fortunes of one or two of them. The private members who bring in bills to meet the supposed wishes of the working classes, offer large and attractive promises. Local bodies are to acquire the power to raise an unlimited amount of rates for the purpose of public libraries; cottage homes are to be provided for the aged poor; loans at low interest are to be made to local authorities for the building of houses for the working classes; a wages board is to be appointed which is to fix a minimum rate of wages; above all, old-age pensions are to be provided for all the deserving poor at the age of sixty-five, and the feelings, no less than the pockets, of the poor are carefully protected. Great care is to be taken that money received from the public, which heartless economists might term out-door relief, shall inflict on deserving poverty neither the disabilities nor the discredit which have hitherto accompanied pauperism. But all this is not enough. Many an energetic workingman who, greatly to his credit, does not wish to receive relief of any kind, is yet earnestly bent on enforcing upon a dissentient minority, by so-called moral pressure, obedience to the laws of his trade-union.

In 1875, trade-unions were placed in a situation of privilege. Combinations for "the furtherance of a trade dispute," to use the queer expression of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, were then declared by law not to be criminal conspiracies, though similar combinations for other objects—*e. g.*, for inducing landlords to lower the rents of tenants—may well be criminal conspiracies, and severely punishable. But trade-unionists are still unsatisfied; they have found to their surprise that the judges, at any rate, understand the duty of protecting individual freedom. The courts, they find, give decisions which render effective picketing a crime, and which make trade-unions, like every other person or body throughout the country, liable to pay damages for torts done by their agents in the course of their employment. To carry on a strike with vigor has, we are told, become an impossibility. The modest claim is now made—and many members of Parliament are ready enough to concede its justice—that men engaged in a trade dispute should in effect be entirely exempted from the operation of the law of conspiracy; that what is humorously called "peaceful picketing" should be completely

legalized; and, lastly, that "an action shall not be brought against a trade-union . . . for the recovery of damage sustained by any person or persons by reason of the action of a member, or members, of such trade-union." This last piece of proposed legislation would in effect make it possible for a trade-union to encourage, to instigate or order an assault upon any man who violated the rules of the union, and to be exempt as a union from any liability to pay damages for the assault. The clause copied from a bill which has been laid before Parliament is probably ill-drawn and goes further than its proposers intend; but it expresses clearly enough the idea which underlies the policy and the ethics of trade-unionism—namely, that a union has a moral and ought to have a legal right to bring the very utmost pressure, short of physical violence or threats of physical violence, to bear upon men who were mean or wicked enough to use their legal rights in ways condemned by the moral code of trade-unionism.

That few of the bills to which I have referred will immediately pass into law, is probable enough. The proposals, however, laid before Parliament prove how earnest is even now the desire of politicians to meet the views of trade-unionists, and their abject dread of opposing the real or supposed wishes of wage-earners. Two examples will show my meaning. Both theory and (since 1834) experience have proved that the curtailment of outdoor relief is the only way under the English Poor Law of maintaining the independence, and in the long run promoting the prosperity, of the working classes; yet within the last few weeks a bill has been favorably received in Parliament, which in effect compels boards of guardians to grant outdoor relief to any person otherwise requiring it without taking into account any sum, up to five shillings, which he may at the same time receive from a friendly society as sick pay. This bill, which will soon pass, if it has not already passed, into law, strikes at the very root of the principles embodied in the so-called New Poor Law of 1834—an act which, unpopular as it was, saved English laborers from destruction. Little more than a fortnight has passed since a bill came before the House of Commons which aimed at providing forthwith old-age pensions for poor and deserving persons of sixty-five. The scheme was absolutely unworkable. If carried out, it would have imposed a huge additional burden upon our already overtaxed nation. Almost every member who took part in the debate exposed, though often in guarded language, the defects of the measure. It was, you will assume, summarily thrown out. No such thing. No man pressed for a division; the bill has passed its second reading unopposed. That it will not become an act of Parliament may, one trusts, be taken for granted; but members of Parliament have gained their object. None of them will be taunted at the next general election with the refusal to give pensions to the aged and the poor.

The temporary gain to members of Parliament is obvious. Did any one of the men who was present, or studiously careful not to be present, at the debate, ask himself how much of self-respect, or of respect from his constituents, he could retain when he had made it manifest to every

elector throughout the land that he dared not warn workingmen that their wishes were foolish or wrong? J. S. Mill, when canvassing for a seat in Parliament, was asked at a large meeting of artisans whether he had not said or written that English workingmen were given to lying. He answered (I speak only from memory) "Yes, I did," and the room rung with applause. Is the spirit of the men who applauded Mill dead and gone? Have the workingmen of England forgotten the respect due to honesty? I doubt it; but sycophants, whether they flatter kings or crowds, whether they are courtiers or members of Parliament, soon create tyrants.

From the present state of things, when the number of labor members is small and this small group lacks the guidance of a clever Parliamentary tactician, it is easy to judge how great will be the power of labor members when their number has increased and some adventurer, endowed with the gift (which is not a very rare one) of parliamentary management, has placed himself at their head. At the next general election, confused issues will perplex even honest electors. This confusion will increase the number and the power of men pledged to promote the exclusive interest of a particular class. We are probably approaching a serious political crisis. An outsider cannot but wonder at the calmness with which respectable politicians look on the present condition of affairs. To one fact they must surely have directed their attention. There are countries, such as Belgium, where the rise of Socialism has deprived Liberals, more or less of the old English type, not only of office but of all authority. This matter, which should be looked at together with the lessons to be derived from the recent developments of Australian democracy, deserves consideration. It suggests reflections which are anything but bright on the future of English public life.

AN OBSERVER.

LUIGI CHIALA.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., May 23, 1904.

Senator Luigi Chiala died in Rome on April 27, a little more than seventy years old. He occupied a unique place among Italian historical writers; indeed, no other country in this generation has produced his counterpart. He wrote no formal history, but he edited the letters of the chief makers of modern Italian history in such wise that his works are indispensable, an integral part of the great chronicle of the Risorgimento. As long as the story of Italian independence is remembered, Chiala's commentaries on Cavour and La Marmora and their contemporaries are certain to be read. He was born at Ivrea in the Val d'Aosta on January 29, 1834; studied at the University of Turin; volunteered in the disastrous campaign of 1849; and then devoted himself to journalism. His ability soon attracted the notice of Cavour, and among his earliest works was 'Une Page d'Histoire du Gouvernement Représentatif en Piémont,' a revelation of the steps which led up to the famous coalition of Cavour and Rattazzi in 1852. This tract was so evidently written by some one on the inside that many readers persisted in attributing it to Cavour. The coalition, or "connubio," between the rival leaders had been brought about by

their common friend, Michelangelo Castelli, one of those most efficient men who hold a relatively inconspicuous place in the public eye, but are the intimates to whom rulers and ministers turn for frank counsel. With him Chiala early formed a friendship which lasted till Castelli's death in 1875. During the fifties, Chiala edited the *Rivista Contemporanea*, a monthly magazine published at Turin, which served as the mouthpiece for the men of progress and patriotism who were transforming little Piedmont into a modern, liberal, and strong state. When Cavour wished to prepare public opinion for the death-grapple with Austria, he suggested to Chiala the main points of another tract, 'La Maison de Savoie et la Maison d'Autriche.'

The facile publicist volunteered for the war of 1859, serving in the Fourth Regiment of Grenadiers; saw the brief campaign of 1860, and remained in the army. In 1862 he founded *Italia Militare*, the principal military journal of Italy, which he conducted for four years. During the war of 1866 he was attached to the General Staff, and subsequently he was secretary of its chief, Gen. Govone. The alliance with Prussia, entered into doubtfully by General La Marmora, the then prime minister, and the defeat at Custoza, drew down on La Marmora an avalanche of hostile criticism. The young staff officer could not endure to see the general, whose confidence he had so long enjoyed, calumniated, and, having requested to be placed on the reserve list, so as to free his pen, he wrote in quick succession 'Le Général La Marmora et l'Alliance Prussienne' and 'La Politica Italiana e l'Amministrazione della Guerra dal 1861 al 1866.' In the former he justified the premier's acceptance of Bismarck's overtures; in the latter he set forth the policy which Italy had pursued after Cavour's death, and defended the War Office against the charge of incompetency and neglect.

In 1870 he resumed active service on the General Staff, with the rank of captain, and was appointed editor of the *Rivista Militare*, an army monthly, which he made flourish. In addition to his editorial work, he produced an elaborate monograph on the events of 1866, and after La Marmora's death (in January, 1878) he wrote a memorial which had a wide circulation and added 12,000 lire to the fund for the General's monument. But the chivalrous Capt. Chiala had already fallen into official disgrace by printing, in a commemoration of Victor Emanuel II., one of the King's letters to Baron Ricasoli—an act which Chiala's superiors in the War Department construed as insubordination. He was arrested and imprisoned at Civitavecchia; but fortunately he had spent only fifty days in that cheerless fortress when the administration changed hands, and Cairoli, the new prime minister, at once ordered his release. Chiala lost no time in resigning from the army for good.

To this episode we probably owe his monumental work, the six volumes of Cavour's Letters, the first volume of which, appearing in 1882, introduced Capt. Chiala's name to students of modern European history in all parts of the world. He found in Sig. Luigi Roux of Turin an energetic publisher, who made a specialty of bringing out important works on the Risorgimento. Elected from Turin to the Chamber of Dep-

uties in 1882, Capt. Chiala sat among the members of the historic Right until 1892, when he was created a Senator by King Humbert.

His edition of Cavour consumed nearly ten years. It was followed by Castelli's Letters and Memoirs; by three volumes of selections, with elucidation, from the editorial leaders of Giacomo Dina, a journalist, who, for thirty years, stood at the head of the Italian Liberal press; by a volume on the 'First Expedition to Massaua'; by three volumes of 'Contemporary History'; and by 'A Little More Light' on the events of 1866, the last work being issued a year ago. Besides these many books, there are others which deserve mention: 'Confidenze Politiche di due Uomini dabbene' (that is, Massimo D'Azeglio and Giacinto Collegno); 'L'Alleanza di Crimea'; and 'La Politica Segreta di Napoleone III. e di Cavour in Italia ed in Ungheria.' He had still another work in preparation at the time of his death.

This list of dates and titles testifies to Senator Chiala's astonishing industry; but mere industry is common, and many a writer who has filled a shelf with twenty-five volumes has been quickly, and deservedly, forgotten. It is Senator Chiala's distinction to have worked in a subject which, for Italians at least, can never lose interest, and to have contributed from his own talents a very unusual fair-mindedness and an almost unrivalled skill in tracing intricate political transactions, or in piecing together, from imperfect clues, a diplomatic negotiation. His knowledge of the traditions and practices of European cabinets since 1840 was simply unlimited. He knew the opinions of the public men of Italy, France, England, Germany, and Austria for fifty years; he had their memoirs and published correspondence by heart; and, so far as concerned Piedmont and Italy, he knew the secret springs of action behind legislation and behind diplomatic intrigues. He was as familiar with the gossip as with the archives. Taken into confidence by the statesmen of two generations, he never betrayed their secrets nor committed an indiscretion. He could be the friend of two rivals without slighting either. This trustiness explains why he became so general a confidant.

It was most fortunate that so much of the material of the history of the Risorgimento came to such a man for editing. The unification of Italy was not achieved without arousing violent partisan animosities. There were Mazzinians, who hated the Cavourians almost more bitterly than the Austrians; there were intransigent Democrats, irreconcilable Clericals. Senator Chiala treated them all fairly, taking pains to give to each his due as a helper towards national regeneration. Instead of partisan narrowness and sectarian exclusiveness, he kept in view the ideals which embraced all parties. He accomplished this not by an easy indifferentism, nor by a sacrifice of his own opinions, which were clear and firm, but by a genuine passion for fairness. And as no other Italian of his generation has done more to promote goodwill among his countrymen, so no other has surpassed him in effectively defending the policy of Italy against foreign accusers. His exposition of the affairs of 1866, for instance, may well be final. He was a commentator rather than a

biographer or historian. Give him a collection of letters or a batch of political articles, and he would set them in proper order, explain the connection of one with another, clear up every allusion, cite, if need be, a dozen passages mutually remote to complete the understanding of a line, and so put the reader in possession of all the data needed for forming an opinion. Thanks to this method, he imbedded in his books much fugitive material that might otherwise have been lost; but this method, which serves so admirably his purpose, is of course too diffuse, too discursive, for formal history. Nearly ten years ago I urged him to recast his introductions to the six volumes of Cavour's Letters in the form of an independent biography. They make more than 2,000 pages, which, by condensation such as would suit a biography, might be reduced one-half. But he said to me that it was too late: he had neither time nor means to undertake such a work, although if he had realized at the outset how voluminous a commentary the letters would require, he should have adopted a different plan.

To those who knew him, the personality of Senator Chiala was most sympathetic. He was tall, above six feet in height; and in the later years, when my relations with him began, his hair, moustache, and imperial were white. He had a soldier's rather than a scholar's bearing; but in manner he was very gentle, a model of urbanity. You never came to the end of his information in his chosen field or of his liberality in imparting it, and a talk with him was worth much reading as a proof of the innate genius of the Italians for diplomacy. He was most generous in praising what he deemed excellent, and his praise carried great weight. I well recall the satisfaction which the last important survivor of the Mazzinian inner circle expressed when I told her that Chiala had recommended to me in high terms her 'Life of Bertani.' Though he and she were leagues apart in politics, yet she knew that he was just. He lived frugally, like so many of the intellectual élite in Italy, drawing a small stipend, I believe, as a secretary of the Senate, but chiefly dependent on his writings for his support. He worked conscientiously without scanting, and without rest. In his books as in his life, he personified the *galantuomo*—the chivalrous, honest, fair-minded gentleman; the type to which the modern Italians look up as their ideal.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, May, 1904.

The miracle has not happened. A new generation of young geniuses has not sprung up since last summer. The tradition of dull efficiency is still maintained at the Old Salon; at the New Salon, technical sensationalism, technical eccentricity, has become little better than the merest convention. Indeed, this, I think, is felt in the exhibition of the younger society more and more as the years go on. The methods and problems that seemed such daring experiments a few years ago, that seemed to foreshadow such a brilliant future, have degenerated into formulas as binding as those that rule the older society. And by constant repetition of the same themes and the same treatment, the painters who

were thought so original are fast losing whatever quality of freshness, whatever genuine research, they once brought to their work. Their sense of proportion seems to be deserting them, beginning with their President, M. Carolus-Duran, who, however, by his fidelity to academical standards belongs by rights to the other Salon. In his case it is the preoccupation with the meretricious splendor his sitters evidently delight in that has grown upon him until now little else remains in his portraits, and his two this year are as barren of all artistic interest as the showy stage trappings of a popular theatre. M. Boldini, whose realism has sometimes come very near betraying him into caricature, now tumbles into the trap headlong; and his two portraits of women, one arrayed in the height of the present fashion and the other in a sham classic costume, are frankly caricatures, which might be amusing in their grotesque exaggeration were it not for the tragedy of seeing a painter of M. Boldini's ability recklessly squandering his talents. M. Gandara, one feels, is so taken up with the symbols of social correctness that he threatens to go the same way—he has, among other things, a portrait of a man that is almost offensive in its smug "smartness." Of M. Besnard's portraits, I say nothing. They are unworthy of him, and not even the personality of the late Princesse Mathilde can suffice to give interest to the most important of the three. M. Aman-Jean, it is true, endeavors, but without success, to escape the vagueness into which his portraits lately have been fading. Then there is M. Dagnan-Bouveret, fairly embarked on the melodrama of paint, appealing to a sentimental public with a sort of "handkerchief box" travesty of the Mona Lisa, as some one has suggested, in a picture he calls "Sur les Cimes." And there is M. Roll, whose endless excursions into the open air have blinded him, even indoors, to all but the crudest, most violent effects, when violence touches close upon vulgarity. And there is M. Picard, who has repeated his trick of illumination, which at one time was not without charm, until evidently he can no longer see either light or color.

So I might go on through the list—even M. Gaston La Touche becoming a slave to his own mannerisms; even M. Simon all too soon condescending to the mere reporting of facts which might comfortably be left to the photographer; while M. Cottet, as if eager to be spared the common fate, as if afraid that he in his turn would be held fast in the toils of the sad, gray Brittany and the tragic peasants he loves, has rushed to the other extreme of brilliancy. There is no mourning, no tragedy; in his large picture of this year. His peasants now feast in an orgy of color, and the group of women who sit eating their dinner on the grass immediately in the foreground of a wide landscape, wear costumes of such vivid hues and have jumped so entirely out of the atmosphere enveloping the rest of the picture, that they fairly hurt your eyes. It is a pleasure to look, instead, whatever M. Cottet may be risking by the repetition, at the smaller, more sombre landscapes that surround the big canvas. How much more beauty there is in the little sweep of barren moorland, with the stretch of sad, gray sea beyond under a low canopy

of thunder cloud! And how wonderfully M. Cottet has rendered the strange leaden grayness that heralds the storm! I know of no one else who has got the same effect so well except Diaz, studying it in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Two or three black, huddled figures scurry across the desolate land in the distance, but how much more truly they belong to the picture than that group of peasants in all their carefully observed and elaborated finery!

Here you have, undoubtedly, some of the most distinguished men just now at work in France—painters for whose pictures you are always sure to look first when you go to their annual exhibition. What it is, then, with the rank and file may easily be imagined. And I think the gradual inertia that has been coming over exhibitors in the New Salon—the inertia which, unwilling as one has hitherto been to admit it, this year reaches a stage beyond denial—is important to note, for it may serve as a clue to the present stagnation in modern art: the stagnation as bewildering to the critics as to the artists themselves. But the artist who bases his work on a formula—whether an academical, or sensational, or eccentric, or decorative, or prismatic, or any other sort of formula—and forgets that beauty is his chief concern, is bound sooner or later, and usually sooner, to come to the end of his resources. It is inevitable.

In the midst of all the glaire and glitter of paint, of the sensationalism and eccentricity run to seed, it is curious to come upon a portrait by Whistler, a large full-length, quiet and restrained in treatment, low in tone, and to find how, unfinished though it be, in its repose and dignity it makes a deeper impression than any other picture in the Salon. It might be objected that Whistler, too, had his formula—that to him, as he was quick to say, painting was a science, and could be reduced to a set of propositions for the guidance of his students; that perhaps few painters accepted so deliberately the restrictions of their palette. True; but Whistler's formula—if, for the sake of argument, it is agreed that it can be called a formula—was one to help him in his search for beauty, one to help him to see; it was no mere recipe for turning out pictures after an accepted pattern, or for strengthening him in any pose or affectation or trick. While M. Boldini, whose two portraits by some cruel chance hang on a neighboring wall, was engrossed in his own cleverness; while M. Emil Claus, whose big "M. Camille Lemonnier," by an equally cruel chance, hangs almost opposite, was too busy with his recipe for rendering sunlight to consider its disastrous effect upon his sitter—Whistler had no other thought or object or desire but to find the right expression for the beauty (or the poetry, as he called it) that he knew is the painter's problem. The tall, graceful woman in the rose-violet draperies that give the harmony its name, seems just to have stepped from out the shadowy purple depths beyond as she stands there in her beauty, her right hand extended holding an iris, her little head so well poised above the lovely neck. The picture, as I have said, is unfinished. The neck has been scraped until the canvas shows harsh and black through the warm golden tones of the flesh; the left arm and hand

fall, vague and shadowy, among the draperies, and in these draperies here and there are indefinite passages. Those who saw the picture in an earlier stage, when still in his studio, may probably feel something like regret that Whistler did not leave it as it then was. But he, who was never satisfied with anything less than the perfect expression of the perfect beauty haunting him, knew better than any one else what he wanted, what he was seeking; and the real regret is that he did not live to carry the work to the completeness, the perfection, of the "Mother," the "Carlyle," the "White Girl," the "Sarasate." But even so, this is the picture to which one returns again and again with the pleasure all great art should and must inspire. There is also a smaller portrait by Whistler, a study of the nude, and one of his beautiful little notes of color in Dieppe; so that he is well represented, if on a lesser scale than in Boston or Edinburgh, or in fewer of his characteristic phases even than at the last International in London.

One thing that has struck me this year in Paris, and that seems to me a good sign, is the growing influence of Whistler. I do not mean so much that with him you can point to a following of slavish imitators as in the case of Carrière and Monet; or, in the Old Salon, of Bail and any other painter who happens to have made a popular success. But I think that, thanks to him, some of the more promising of the younger generation have been reminded that their business is to see and express beauty, and not to astonish the public by fireworks in paint, or to secure immediate purchasers by excursions into sentiment or the day's fashions. I feel this especially in the work of men like Morrice, Friesseke, Maurer—one a Canadian, the other two American—to whom I remember calling attention last year. Mr. Morrice, whether he is looking down on the Quai des Grands-Augustins in the evening, with the lights shining softly along the river banks and in every window, or over the sea in full daylight, or at the Montmartre fête, when its illuminated booths glow brilliantly through the dark night, always sees the picture before him as a harmonious whole, in which the details of houses and lights, sky and water, are important only for the part they play in the harmony. I am not comparing Mr. Morrice to Mr. Whistler—that would be absurd; it is far too soon in his career even to suggest such a comparison. I only want to point out that it is beauty of color and tone and form that interests him, and that it is Whistler who is gradually forcing the younger men to understand that this beauty alone counts—that fireworks and fashions are as fast-fleeting in art as in actual life.

Mr. Friesseke evidently accepts the same standards, though his subjects are very different, and though his means are slightly too obvious. For instance, probably the best thing he has this year is the smaller of his two nudes: the study of a woman standing before a mirror, with all the accessories arranged in a color scheme that might be charming if, somehow, the effort to produce it were not so obtrusive in the rose of the draperies and the touches of red in the necklace and the half-open fan on the floor—he lets you see too much of the machinery or the method. He has not

yet the skill or the subtlety to conceal all traces of the labor by which his end is achieved. Mr. Maurer is more vigorous, and I think more original, and this year he makes a distinct advance. Besides a large full-length figure of a man, recalling the ballet dancer of last summer, he has three or four interiors that are beautiful in their rendering of tone, in their envelope of atmosphere. His "Barber's Shop" ("Chez le Coiffeur") seems to me to explain the new tendency which I find in the younger school. That the average English painter would discover in such a subject nothing but a futile little anecdote, everybody knows. To a French painter like M. Béraud, immensely able in his own way, it might have suggested chiefly the chance to show his amazing mastery of the most minute and unexpected detail. To another, more in sympathy with Monet, it would have been the opportunity for an exercise in blue shadows and dots of pure color. But Mr. Maurer has cared to paint a barber at work simply because, where he stands at the far end of his shop, he draws the eye serenely into the cool, gray interior, his form and action just giving the right value, the right solidity and color, to the space where the effect should be concentrated. For to the artist who can see and feel color and light and atmosphere, a barber's shop may be as splendid as a palace.

I mention these three men, though there are others whose work reveals the same influence, because they are the most notable of the group. But, for that matter, in the Old Salon, too, there are traces of this influence. Now and then a quiet portrait, low in tone, dignified in treatment, caught my eye from out the tawdry, gaudy medley: imitation here more unmistakable than in the work at the New Salon, to which I have referred. But to imitate the right models is to learn much in the process. I thought it promising that these portraits should be mostly by Americans, men like Mr. Gaensslen and Mr. Lee Greene Richards, whose names, I must confess, are new to me.

Of course, I do not pretend that all interest in the two Salons begins and ends with Whistler and his influence, though to say so would not be very far from the truth. But in both there are still a few of the older men who have been able to resist the vulgarizing forces of the moment. The landscapes of M. Pointelin and M. Harpignies in the Old Salon retain their distinction, despite the fact that neither of these artists of late years has varied the matter or manner of his composition—it is not only landscape, but actually the identical landscape, each seems to keep on painting. And so M. Carrière, in the New Salon, loses himself and his subjects—portraits, this year—in the mists through which he now sees everything, though there is no mistaking that he does so in all sincerity, not for the sake of notoriety. M. Lhermitte, too, is rather apt, year after year, to wander in the same fields and by the same river banks, but his landscapes are so sound and straightforward and workmanlike that they always hold their own in any assemblage of self-conscious, contorted out-of-doorisms. Again, in both Salons there are Spaniards among the younger men who send work with something like individuality. In the Old Salon it is Sorolla y Bastida, who looks at things, if not with much refinement, at least with freshness and ro-

business, and whose children in full sunlight playing by the sea, and a fisherman's family in their poor hut of a home, are painted with a knowledge and a vigor that prove he really saw them for himself. In the New Salon it is Garrido, who, I am glad to say, is as good as he was disappointing last year, his old-masterly study of two children being full of life and character. And it is also Anglada, who, surely, with the emotional sense of color that is strong in him, must in the end attain to the beauty he now gropes after in his gardens and cafés at night, where the lights flame and flare and flicker with tormented violence from out the shadows, and strange, fantastic, twisted figures pose and pass in garments of burning or smouldering color. Distorted as his vision seems to be, his work has in it a quality that makes one look forward anxiously to his eventual development. Zuloaga, however, sends nothing, probably reserving himself for his special show at Düsseldorf.

There is a big ceiling by M. Anquetin, the story of Rinaldo and Armida its motive, which here seems so forced and flamboyant in its Rubensian color and design that I should like to see it in its proper place before deciding upon its merits. There are some good portraits by M. Blanche, notably one of M. Maurice Barrès. And there is Mr. Sargent's "Lord Ribblesdale," which I described when it was first shown at the Academy. It is one of his most successful portraits, and loses nothing in dignity and sobriety by being seen in the present salon. But where is Mr. Alexander? Where are Mr. Melchers, Mr. Dannat, Mr. Humphreys-Johnston? Mr. Gay is here with several of his carefully observed little interiors, while Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. MacEwen continue faithful to the Old Salon, where Mr. MacMonnies's big portrait of a priest in sacred vestments is far from reconciling me to his prolonged absence from the Sculpture Court. For the rest, it is enough to say that in the New Salon painters like Le Sidaner, Lepère, Thaulow, Baertson, Conder, Ménard, continue to send pictures of charm or character; that Louis Legrand's intense cleverness in his studies of ballet girls and women of a doubtful class does not always steer him safely away from the pitfall of vulgarity; and that the first appearance of Besnard's son, Robert Besnard, with a large, ambitious picture of a supper party—a problem of light—may be, at all events, worth recording.

In the Sculpture Court M. Rodin's "Penseur" towers, as it did at the International last winter in London, the only difference being that now it is seen in bronze. I need not repeat what I have written about it so lately. It is one of M. Rodin's great creations, and it towers so effectually that I really saw little else except M. Meunier's big miner in bronze, while I could only regret the absence of M. Bartholomé and Mr. Saint-Gaudens. The drawings and prints are not as remarkable as they have often been of recent years. The work of M. Milcendeau, M. Luigini, and M. Legrand still is the exception in the heterogeneous pastels and water-colors of the New Salon; M. Renouard has an exhibition to himself; and there is hardly anything of particular interest among the lithographs and etchings—even Louis Legrand showing nothing to compare with those beautiful plates of last year. In the Old Salon there

are etchings of London by Mr. Pennell, wood engravings by Mr. Wolf, notably one after Whistler, lithographs by M. Dillon, and walls covered with reproductive prints and commonplace. The New Salon is devoting an ever-increasing space to the decorative arts. It is impossible for me to speak of the innumerable examples in detail; of the collection as a whole, I can only say that, to my sorrow, I found through it all the trail of "L'Art Nouveau." N. N.

Correspondence.

JŪ-JUTSU.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for February 18 your reviewer of H. Irving Hancock's 'Japanese Physical Training' would seem to do a great injustice to Lafcadio Hearn. Mr. Hearn, it is true, has little to say of the jū-jutsu of the schools, but still, after his chapter on the subject in 'Out of the East,' which appeared in 1896, it seems hardly fair to say: "The very existence of this system of physical culture [jū-jutsu] . . . has until recently been unnoticed—indeed, hardly suspected—even by foreigners long resident in the country."

Professor Chamberlain, too, might find something to complain of in the review in question. To quote again: "Jū-jutsu is not even referred to in Chamberlain's 'Things Japanese.'" Notwithstanding, I find, on referring to my copy of 'Things Japanese' (third edition, London, 1898), that "jū-jutsu" occurs in its proper place in the index, and is described on page 439, under the head of "wrestling." It is difficult to see how the reviewer could have missed the article.

But the unfortunate fact about your review is, after all, that it leaves one still unformed as to what jū-jutsu really is; and this is most regrettable in view of the significance of the art as an index to Oriental character and policy. This significance has been by no one better understood, I think, than by Mr. Hearn. In the chapter on "Jū-jutsu" in 'Out of the East' he says: "The master of jū-jutsu never relies upon his own strength. . . . The force of the enemy is the only means by which that enemy is overcome. . . . The very name 'jū-jutsu' means to conquer by yielding." And then again:

"In jū-jutsu there is a sort of counter for every twist, wrench, pull, push, or bend; only, the jū-jutsu expert does not oppose such movements. No: he yields to them. But he does much more than yield to them. He aids them with a wicked sleight that causes the assailant to put out his own shoulder, to fracture his own arm, or, in a desperate case, even to break his own neck or back."

Mr. Hearn professes to know nothing of the technicalities of the art. It is the greater jū-jutsu with which he is chiefly concerned:

"The real wonder of jū-jutsu is not in the highest possible skill of its best professor, but in the uniquely Oriental idea which the whole art expresses. What Western brain could have elaborated this strange teaching—never to oppose force to force, but only to direct and utilize the power of attack; to overthrow the enemy solely by his own strength; to vanquish him solely by his own effort? Surely none! . . . Yet how fine a symbolism of Intelligence as a means to foil brute force! Much more than a science

is this jū-jutsu: it is a philosophical system; it is an economical system; it is an ethical system; . . . and it is, above all, the expression of a racial genius as yet but faintly perceived by those Powers who dream of further aggrandizement in the East."

The author then proceeds to develop his thesis, finding in the principles underlying jū-jutsu the secret of the power of the Orient—of China as well as of Japan, for the art of jū-jutsu, he reminds us, came from China to Japan. The whole chapter is most illuminating. It should be translated into Russian. "The very name 'jū-jutsu' means to conquer by yielding."

Before concluding, may one return for a moment to the reviewer? "Jū-jutsu," he says, "which is a Sinico-Japanese term, means literally muscle-science." Now the Chinese ideograph for "jutsu" may indeed be rendered "art," or "science"; but, according to Giles, "jū" (in Chinese, as usually transliterated, *jou*²) means "soft," "pliant," "yielding." This would seem to suggest a translation of the term which would be fully in accord with the description of the art given by Mr. Hearn.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Very truly yours,

DAVID LATTIMORE.

NAUYANG COLLEGE, SHANGHAI, April 22, 1904.

[The first and second editions of Chamberlain's 'Things Japanese,' used by the reviewer, contain no reference to jū-jutsu. It was not within the scope of a review of Mr. Hancock's practical work to inform all who were eager to know "what jū-jutsu really is," certainly not in the highly philosophical subjective and impressionistic style of Mr. Hearn. Mr. Hancock's excellent manuals deal with fact and method, not with philosophy. To get the meaning "conquer by yielding" out of the literal term, is scholasticism, not true translation. Jutsu is a common term in Japanese for a science, and jū for muscle. The Japanese synonym for jū (*yawara*), as well as the Chinese ideograph, means "gentle," "mild," and jū-jutsu is the gentle science (or art) as being weaponless, and opposed to the rough exercises, such as fencing, horsemanship, etc. In common parlance—coming down from pre-scientific days—the term *jutsu* means craft, sleight, trickery. The reviewer gave the literal meaning, not its metaphysical refinement. Without venturing into the domain of psychology or international diplomacy, or attempting to guess "the secret of the power of the Orient—of China as well as of Japan," perhaps the remarks of Dr. Inazo Nitobe, in 'Bushido, the Soul of Japan,' may be worth transcribing:

"Jiujutsu may be briefly described as an application of anatomical knowledge to the purpose of offence or defence. It differs from wrestling in that it does not depend upon muscular strength. It differs from other forms of attack in that it uses no weapon. Its feat consists in clutching or striking such part of an enemy's body as will make him numb and incapable of resistance. Its object is not to kill, but to incapacitate one for action for the time being."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce that Walt Whitman's Life in their American Men of Letters series will be written by Bliss Perry, Dr. Holmes's by Samuel M. Crowell, and Lowell's by Ferris Greenslet; as, in their American Commonwealths series, Massachusetts will fall to Prof. Edward Channing, and Rhode Island to Irving B. Richman.

The Macmillan Co. have just ready the fifth volume of Brandes's "Main Currents in 19th Century Literature," "The Romantic School in France."

'Favorite Greek Myths' has been prepared for children by Lillian Stoughton Hyde, and will be published, with illustrations from masterpieces of sculpture and painting, by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Western school-children of the fourth and fifth grades were in 1891 provided by Dr. Charles A. McMurray with two volumes of "Pioneer History Volumes," relating to their particular section, viz., 'Pioneers of the Rocky Mountains and the West' (beginning with Lewis and Clark) and 'Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley.' These reading-books have now been taken over by Macmillan Co., and accompanied by a third, chronologically antecedent volume, 'Pioneers on Land and Sea,' in which, as in No. 2, the arrangement does not follow the time sequence, because, as the author says, it is "of little consequence to the children." But this is more than doubtful. He advises setting up "the home State as a starting point," and then moving eastward from this centre. There are maps, portraits, and other cuts of good quality.

The prettily illustrated little collection of nine 'Folk-Tales from the Russian,' retold by Verra Klamatiano de Blumenthal (Rand, McNally & Co.), is well-fitted to serve as an introduction to a new realm of fairy tales for the little people who still enjoy such things. Older students of national lore will prefer to consult the same stories as found in three extremely fine and more racily characteristic collections, namely, 'Russian Fairy Tales,' from the Skazki of Polevoi, translated by R. Nisbet Bain; 'Russian Folk Tales,' by W. R. S. Ralston; and 'Myths and Folk Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs, and Magyars,' by Jeremiah Curtin.

'Stories from Irish History,' told for children by Mrs. Stephen Gwynn (Dublin: Browne & Nolan), is the best book of the kind that has yet appeared, neither fiercely anti-English nor sectionally religious. The illustrations are strikingly effective—the first, St. Patrick, in by no means ecclesiastical habiliments, preaching; the last, a view of the insurgent camp on Vinegar Hill. It concludes with a paragraph on O'Connell's death and the Famine. "This is more than fifty years ago, and the story of what has happened since would be rather difficult for you yet. It is all concerned with Parliament and with laws. It will interest you some day, and then you will hear of Parnell and the Home Rule Bill, and about the work of the Gaelic League."

Two additional volumes of the reprint of Arber's "English Garner" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) have reached us, containing the "Elizabethan Poems." These are something more

than mere reprints, as a considerable quantity of new material has been added by the editor, Mr. T. Seccombe, as well as excellent introductions by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

The war in the East could hardly fail to prompt a reissue of the translation of Alfred Rambaud's comprehensive and enlightening sketch of 'The Expansion of Russia' (New York: Scott-Thaw). His theme is the Slav's unceasing effort to reach the open sea; and, coming down to 1895, he points the parallel between the European Concert that cost Japan "the most precious fruits of her success against the Chinese, just as the Russian conquerors of the Ottomans [in 1878] had lost theirs." The latter half of this little volume is occupied by a psychological study of the Russian people, by J. Novikoff of Odessa. This writer wrote at a time when Russia appeared to be "without aspiration, and with no ideal of any kind." The circular of August 24, 1898, which led to The Hague Conference, seemed a ray of light; but "Russia has also experienced a recrudescence in naval affairs, a more foolish madness even than militarism."

Seasonable in quite another way is the popular edition of the late Celia Thaxter's 'An Island Garden,' first put forth by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. ten years ago. The author's portrait is retained, but the expensive colored lithographic illustrations have been omitted, and both the form and typography have been modified in favor of the buyer's pocket.

Miss Gertrude Jekyll's books on gardening, derived from her experiences in a beautiful garden in the southwest corner of Surrey, are well known to the amateur gardener. By making a plot of her native land a place of beauty, Miss Jekyll deserved well of her county. In her 'Old West Surrey' (Longmans) she does it further service. Surrey is one of the prettiest counties in England, but it lies at the very door of London, and becomes every year more suburban. Its customs change. The farms exist to supply villas, or are converted into country retreats for Londoners. The cottages are ransacked by dealers in antiquities, and the solid old oak furniture is rapidly giving place to cheap deal. The china that had served generations is placed in drawing-room cabinets, and inferior shapes and designs make their way into the cottages. With these depressing facts in mind, Miss Jekyll has done for the west of Surrey what should be done for every English county. She has collected in this book a great number of photographs of the old furniture, the ornaments, the crockery, and tools—in fact, all the minor appointments of cottage life that threaten to become minor antiquities. From rushlights to oak presses, nothing has escaped her camera. The result is really an illustrated catalogue, with a running commentary, the sort of work that will, a century or so hence, save such a writer as Mrs. Morse Earle a great deal of trouble when she adds the history and the anecdotes that make a readable whole. Meanwhile, many of the articles photographed by Miss Jekyll are still in very general use in the country districts of England; though they may not be produced nowadays as they were fifty years ago. Many could be duplicated in American households that have colonial antecedents. Miss Jekyll evidently fears

that, along with the picturesque cottages and furniture of good design, the inhabitants will degenerate. She includes, therefore, several charming types of Surrey cottagers, of a pattern that will hardly be repeated. These were perforce chosen from among the very old, the younger generation being, no doubt, vulgarized by the progress of civilization out of any pretence to the picturesque. The relation of the text to the illustrations may be estimated from the fact that the latter amount to 330 in the 315 pages of the volume.

Mr. Gordon Home's 'Yorkshire' (London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan) is hardly a guide-book so much as a record in color of the author's wanderings in the northeast parts of that shire. The text, though interesting, is unimportant, serving merely as a frame for the thirty-two full-page sketches, which are beautiful in coloring, and, like all in this luxurious series, admirably reproduced. For the antiquarian Yorkshire offers but scanty attractions; it has singularly few churches that repay attention, and its architecture falls far behind that of most other counties. But it is rich in the irresistible combination of heather-covered moorland and sea; its cottages are red-roofed (an important point in the gray English landscape); and, bleak as it is by reputation, it has some beautiful woods and gorges. Mr. Home's pictures are in some cases so intense in color as to suggest the coast of the Mediterranean rather than the northeast of England.

Macmillan Co. issue George W. Beldam's 'Great Golfers,' illustrated by 268 action-photographs, and containing contributions by Taylor, Vardon, and other golfers. One would have thought that the last word had been written that could be of assistance to the young golfer, but the present volume contains two novelties which seem to be both interesting and useful. In the first place, the players whose strokes are reproduced were not taken *en pose*, but in the act of making actual strokes; and, with a view to absolute accuracy in the matter of the stance, they stood on a marked square of four feet subdivided into smaller squares of six inches. By this means the beginner gets an excellent idea of the importance of the stance, and of the slight differences between players caused by different length of limb, etc. Moreover, Mr. Beldam's photographs were taken in the 1-1000th part of a second, and therefore present a more accurate picture of the different parts of the stroke than has ever been obtained before; and the interesting fact revealed by this more rapid process is that, in spite of some individual peculiarities, the strokes of the best players are practically identical. It is fair to assume that this similarity is due to more or less conscious imitation; and, if so, Mr. Beldam's book needs no further justification.

If so many books on the famine in India had not already been published, J. E. Scott's 'In Famine Land' (Harper & Bros.) would deserve a more extended notice. It is a succession of horrible and pathetic scenes in word and photograph. The author is, or was, chairman of the M. E. Relief Committee in Rajputana, and the special value of his personal narrative lies in its being an account of the distress and horrors found not under British but under native rule. The little book is to be praised

for its grasp of the situation. In the author's words, "Divine Providence" and not the British *raj* is responsible for the lack of rain which has caused periodic famines in India since the earliest times. But man must adjust himself to circumstances. If God sends a drought eight times a century, man must save up his grain to meet it and prevent it as far as possible by more irrigation and better means of transport. Meantime, since prevention in the present case is impossible, the only cure remaining is to support the "ten thousand famine-stricken, mostly children and widows." Ten thousand is a phrase; sixty millions of people were affected by the famine, and five millions are to-day in need of the food of life. What would otherwise have gone to their relief from England was spent in defeating the Boers in Africa.

The blank book 'My Commencement' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) has been devised as a sort of autograph and photograph album and scrapbook, having special reference to the teachers, classmates, and closing exercises, with statistical items and with pages for reunions. The size of the volume is duodecimo, and the general appearance is neat. Some guards should have been bound in to allow for the expansion of clippings and other pasted matter.

We can but infrequently make mention even of the most meritorious sale catalogues, which often constitute real bibliographical thesauri. Such are Jacques Rosenthal's 'Bibliotheca Magica et Pneumatica' (Munich, 10 Karl-Strasse), of which the index alone, in triple columns of fine type, requires nearly fifty octavo pages. The catalogue is classified, and the running titles and table of contents are in French, German, and English. The scope of this collection of 8,875 pieces far exceeds the implication of the title or sub-title ("Occult Sciences: Folk-lore"). From the same antiquarian firm we have a noteworthy catalogue of 'Incunabula Typographica,' with marks, colophons, and plates in facsimile, and tables according to places of imprint and name of publisher, as well as in comparison with Hain. A third catalogue is of 'Book Illustration in the Middle Ages,' likewise curiously exemplified.

The modest birthplace of the late Maria Mitchell, Nantucket's astronomer, was purchased year before last by the Maria Mitchell Association of that island, and opened last July to the public as a museum, with a small admission fee. Besides a room devoted to personal mementoes, there is another arranged as a reading-room and library for scientific books, and hung with portraits of men of science; a third will contain a collection of objects of natural history. Donations will be gladly accepted, and membership in the association is open to every one friendly to the enterprise, the fee being one dollar annually or five dollars for life.

As Rousseau's double centenary draws nigh, attention is freshly drawn to him by the effort which the municipality of Chambéry is making to purchase "Les Charmettes" for a Rousseau museum, which will be the other pole of that just established at Geneva. The charming and forever memorable estate, which has been maintained essentially intact by the successors

of Mme. de Warens, as if a public trust, can be had for \$10,000, of which the town can provide \$4,000, and hardly more. It therefore intends to ask a subvention from the State, in order that the place may be classed and cared for among France's "historic monuments"; and indeed few are objects of a more ceaseless pilgrimage. M. Henri Bordeaux, writing in a late number of *Figaro*, enumerates among recent visitors whose names appear upon the register of Les Charmettes Maurice Barrès, Édouard Rod, and André Hallays, who (he apprehends) cannot help liking and detesting Rousseau at the same time.

—The Wisconsin State Historical Society has just taken the first step in a new departure which may be unique and is certainly a rarity. It has reprinted the first volume of its Historical Collections, and will add to it the next nine volumes of the first series. This republication results from the recognized value of these collections to all writers on the history of the Middle Northwest, and the consequent demand for them, which had long ago made these books scarce. The first of the decade was published in 1855, the last in 1888. The pages in one were 164 to 558 in the other. Francis Parkman showed his regard for the infant society by contributing to the first volume a transcript of the earliest original manuscript respecting Wisconsin under English rule, of which he was the fortunate owner. These renewed volumes cover thirty years and more, during which the institution grew from nothing to pre-eminence above all Western associations of its class, thanks mainly to the labors and inspiration of the late Lyman C. Draper, whose biography is fitly prefixed to the first volume of the reprint. The fifty volumes which Draper found in a glass-doored cupboard of three shelves, as the total gathered in five years of previous growth, he increased by a thousand within the first year of his service, which was without hope (or wish, either) of receiving himself any fraction of the \$500 which was given by the State. When resigning his secretaryship in 1888, he reported "118,000 books, newspaper-files, and pamphlets—a collection unequalled west of the Alleghenies."

—The reprint, which will be of two thousand copies, is a page-for-page facsimile of the original imprints, so far as types allow, in pagination and other features, with no corrections save such as a good proof-reader would have made from the first. This plan was adopted partly that references which have already been made to the series by hundreds of writers may be traceable, and the general index to the whole may do its perfect work; but chiefly because recasting the old matter would impair the fitting historic impressions which ought to be made permanent. The more the faults of the documents are left on their own heads, the more we can read between the lines and see how—and how much—research has since added to early knowledge. The Society has an annual appropriation from the State of \$20,000, and obtains something from membership fees. It has also several funds of which only the interest is available, and not all of that for a time. The binding fund amounts to \$27,802, the antiquarian fund to \$5,574, the Draper fund

(his all) to \$8,525, and the Mary M. Adams art fund to \$4,237. The present strength of the library is estimated to be: books, 126,567; pamphlets, 121,473. It needs shelf-room for expansion more than the United States has ever needed territory.

—It is more usual to abridge a long historical work than to publish one whole section of it as a separate volume, unaltered save by being wrested from its context. In a good many cases, however, this form of popularization might be resorted to with advantage. The fiftieth and fifty-first chapters of Gibbon, or the third chapter of Macaulay, would suffer little by separation from their setting, and so it is with the three chapters which Lecky devoted to the French Revolution in his 'History of England during the Eighteenth Century.' This portion of Lecky's *opus* has recently been edited by Prof. H. E. Bourne (Appletons), with such notes as bring to the reader's attention the researches of Sorel, Aulard, and Gomel. A book of nearly 600 pages is made up in this way, and it is one which bears with equal directness upon the French Revolution and English politics. To Lecky, as an historian of England, the Revolution was a force which broke in upon the old rivalry of Whig and Tory, and, politically speaking, brought the eighteenth century to an end. Hence, though a movement of foreign origin, it lay athwart his path, and had to be disposed of. His own philosophical cast of mind led him to welcome the opportunity of discussing such a subject. Few themes among all those which he dealt with in the long course of his writings can have interested him more than the character and effect of Burke's 'Reflections.' Nor did he slight the diplomatic questions which became so increasingly important during the days of the Constituent Assembly. As Professor Bourne points out in his Introduction: "Lecky interprets the early and most significant period of the Revolution." His aim is interpretation rather than research or purely literary effect. Altogether, his comments upon the revolutionary movement in itself and in its relation to England are quite valuable enough to justify the publication of these chapters in separate form.

—Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's 'How to Get the Best Out of Books' (The Baker & Taylor Co.) is addressed to "the natural man," defined more closely as "the business man." If we may judge from the price of this slim volume, which is high, and the fact that it takes for granted the desire to found a library, if not to read the books in it, it is the unread millionaire who is to be lured into the society of the standard authors by "these simple pages." To convince such a one that "literature is a living thing, and that the relation of books to life is close and vital," is perhaps not so simple as Mr. Le Gallienne seems to think. With a light heart he proposes that his "natural man" shall read himself to sleep, shall get up early to read, shall fix his mind on a book as he travels down town in the Elevated, acquiring culture as Horace's Lucilius wrote poetry, *stans pede in uno*. He begins with a utilitarian argument to the American Dives, pointing out "how much modern Imperialism owes to Mr. Kipling, and that the most successful advertisements have been in verse." What a nemesis on the frivolity of Byron—that the illiterate rich

should be persuaded to read 'Don Juan' on the ground that the couplet,

"In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her
Save thine incomparable oil, Macassar!"

has sold countless bottles of Rowland's Macassar oil! Mr. Le Gallienne assures the builders of the Flatiron that they are the music-makers of their century, and really ought to read the poets since they involuntarily serve poetry—how, he does not explain. A more practical appeal to the frugal millionaire is the reminder that the poets can usually be obtained in one volume; and where it is a matter of several volumes, you can now furnish your library like your drawing-room on the installment (*sic*) plan. The unpractised rich are advised to begin with the novel; when merely romantic, it may lead them to poetry; the philosophical novel inspires one with a desire to read Spinoza "in an easily accessible handbook," while the historical novel will engender a taste for Froude, whom Mr. Le Gallienne does not apparently class among the writers of fiction. Incidentally he diverges into literary criticism, speaks of the "rainbow volubility of Coleridge," calls Mrs. Atherton a philosopher and a poet, and prophesies that Mr. Howells, on the strength of style, will outlast Mr. Henry James, whom he seems to regard as a sort of Aristotle among modern novelists.

—Messrs. Luzac & Co. have made a happy beginning to their "Oriental Religious Series" with a translation of De Boer's 'Geschichte der Philosophie im Islam.' The original appeared in 1901, and could claim very fairly to be the first attempt at an outline of the whole history of philosophy in Islam since the admirable 'Mélanges' of Munk in 1859. Since then there have been two or three other books on the same subject, and the promise is of still more. It is evident that Arabic studies are passing at last the grammar and lexicon stage, and that the civilization of Islam in all its width is to be considered. Such books, then, as De Boer's—simple, straightforward sketches, intelligible to any student of the subject, Arabist or not—are of the first value. For what is needed now is not so much further work by Arabists in the narrow sense, but an awakening by students of philosophy, theology, human life, and thought generally to the fact that there is a great section of history, hitherto neglected, but absolutely necessary to the understanding of the development of the human race. The time is rapidly coming when the student of mediæval Europe will find it necessary to be in contact with the mediæval Muslim East, either by collaboration with an Arabist or by learning Arabic himself. After a long eclipse behind the grotesqueries of Indian so-called philosophy and religion, Dr. Johnson's large dictum is coming to its own again, and the world of Islam is recognized as a legitimate object for an intelligent curiosity. The time for criticism of De Boer's little book has almost gone by. It has taken its place as an indispensable introduction, recognizing rather too little, perhaps, the unity of all thought, philosophical and theological, and the essentially mystical bias of all Muslim thought, but wholly admirable in its clarity and grasp. The present translation, by Mr. E. R. Jones ('History of Philosophy in Islam'), is a fair rendering, showing more knowledge of philosophy than of Arabic or

German. *Darstellung* is an unchancy word, but by no possibility could "der Darstellung wegen" mean "conforming to the conditions which I had to meet"; "soll" and "sollte," also, these stumbling-blocks to the book-taught Germaner, which are so simple to a speaker of the language, have thrown Mr. Jones more than once; "school" is hardly "Bildungskreise," nor has "ging man bei Christen in die Schule" necessarily to do with "school-instruction"; "circumstance" is not "Ereigniss," nor is "able" a fair rendering of "klug"; "Güter" are not "benefits"; "Wortkunstelei" is not "sophistry," and "Im Osten" is certainly not "on the East." These, and more, are to be found in the first five or six pages, and so much space is given to them here as a running protest against such slackness.

—Another sign of how the ends of the world are coming together is furnished by an introduction written by Professor Goldziher of Budapest for the edition of the works of the Muwahhid Mahdi, Ibn Tumart, just published at Algiers ('Mohammed Ibn Toumert et la théologie de l'Islam dans le Nord de l'Afrique au xie siècle'). From this it seems a far cry to our philosophic conflicts, but the comment may be ventured that in this brochure the first step is taken to an historical appreciation of Averroes and the possibilities of the times which produced him. We could already, it is true, trace in De Boer his philosophical descent, but his environment was shadowy and uncertain. Especially was it hard to see how he could have lived and spoken as he did. Now that is clearing up, and the possibilities of life under the successors of Ibn Tumart were evidently large—larger than Siger of Brabant found Christian possibilities to be.

MISS HARRISON'S CORNER OF GREEK RELIGION.

Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion. By Jane Ellen Harrison, Hon. D.Litt. (Durham); Hon. LL.D. (Aberdeen); Fellow and Lecturer of Newnham College. Cambridge (Eng.) University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1903.

Miss Harrison's really remarkable book on Greek religion does not professedly take up more than certain of its neglected aspects—those, evidently, which lead on to the four closing chapters (IX.-XII.) upon Orphism and Orpheus. This dim and subterranean phase of Greek and Greco-Roman religion occupies one-third of her 670-odd pages. The first eight chapters give a re-statement of many things—notably of what concerns the lower stratum of primitive religion and ritual, unrecorded in Homer, but much dwelt on by Rohde in his 'Psyche.' Miss Harrison never loses sight of her problem, stated as follows (p. 455): "Mythology has left us no tangle more intricate and assuredly no problem half so interesting as the relation between the ritual and mythology of Orpheus and Dionysos." Immediately before, she summarizes and foreshadows her solution in eloquent words, the drift of which may be thus baldly stated: Some temperaments cannot take bread and wine seriously, or feel "the sacramental mystery of life and nutrition." These have little power of understanding "the constant shift from physical to spiritual" that

is of the essence of the religion of Dionysos. Others, "saintly souls," know the "exhilaration of wine," and what it is "to be drunken with the physical beauty of a flower," with the "sensuous imagery of words," with the "strong wine of a new idea," yet, having known, turn away, "disallowing the madness, not only of Bromios, but of the Muses and Aphrodite." Such have their inward ecstasy of the ascetic, but they revel with another Lord, and he is Orpheus (pp. 453 f.).

Orphism, briefly treated in his recent History of Greece by Professor Bury as a spiritual peril against which Ionic philosophy was a providential prophylactic, has not been deemed worthy by Rohde of a very minute or sustained investigation, while Gruppe's very complete sketch of it in Roscher's Lexicon, though admirable and painstaking, is written as it were in shorthand, and could never appeal to a wide circle of readers. Hence Miss Harrison's chapters on the subject are most opportune, although few will quite agree with her that Orphism is the last and noblest word of Greek religion. It may, indeed, safely be predicted that these four chapters will be valued rather for their enthusiasm and readableness than for the solidity of all their conclusions. To begin with her treatment of the early fathers of the Christian Church, our authoress trusts them too much and too little. She is often too ready to accept this and that detail upon the strength of their testimony, and yet she is always ready to castigate their "libellous" attitude. It would have been a better way if, remembering the fierce struggle against all manner of pagan rituals which engaged their energies, our authoress had refused to trust them at all as to details when their authority lacked other corroboration. As it is, she accepts too readily many of their facts, while she almost invariably refuses to accept their interpretation of facts. When St. Jerome complains of traditional practices unsanctioned by Holy Writ, he is twitted with his protestantism, and has to hear that these practices were "wisely and beautifully followed" and "can only have come from pagan sources" (p. 597). Little satisfaction is thus vouchsafed him, nor is a more generous allowance made for the historical position of Clement of Alexandria. When he scorns the ritual eating of raw flesh and the myth of Bacchus's dismemberment by Titans, he is convicted of "unholy joy" at the very moment when he "compels our reluctant sympathy" (p. 484). Miss Harrison is rather prone to forget that her own satisfaction in the survival of primitive savage rites could not have been shared by Jerome and Clement, even if their function in life had not been to strike out against Orphism.

How much she believes the Christian Church, in spite of the "unclean interpretations" of Clement and others, took over from Orphic ritual, may be noted in many scattered passages, bearing out her *obiter dictum* (p. 505) that the "early Christians derived from Orphism some of their noblest instincts." Cases in point are (1) the "beautiful ceremonial of the Roman Church" known as taking the veil (p. 523), and (2) the Orphic practice of assuming at final initiation a new name, commended (p. 594) as "a beautiful custom still preserved in the Roman Church" (3) the connection pointed out (pp. 533 and 621) between Orphic ritual and the fact that to the Roman

Church "marriage is a sacrament, to the Anglican" still "an excellent mystery." How far these interesting parallels can stand the scrutiny of liturgical experts may not here be discussed; in Miss Harrison's argument, they at least serve the useful purpose of constantly recalling to the reader's mind that the topic in hand is really and truly religion. Parallels from still living religion, though apt, unless managed with extreme tact, to give pain to the religious, and sure to provoke the ire of the austere scientific reader, are nevertheless indispensable in every account of an extinct religion intended for a wide circle of readers. For this reason our author is well inspired in saying, apropos of Demeter, that "the Romish Church, with her wider humanity, includes indeed the figure of the Mother who is both Mother and Maid, but she is still in some sense subordinate to the Father and the Son" (p. 261). Even the most evangelically minded may well be glad of this passage as a flashlight flung from living religion upon the elusive records of a worship that has died. A similar illuminating effect is again produced where we read: "It is only the truth and the true gods that lived. The Panaghia has taken to herself all that was real in ancient faith, in her are still incarnate the Mother and the Maid, and Asklepios the Saviour" (p. 344).

So far everything is admirable, though there be something of overstatement in favor of the Panaghia; but the reader may be forgiven who should wonder if Miss Harrison has not herself in certain passages fallen a victim to her own excellent devices for vivifying a difficult theme. She notes, for instance, when ingeniously representing the problematical *ἱερείς* as priests of the immigrant cult of Dionysus, a connection between the still customary grace at meat, "Sanctify these creatures to thy use, and us to thy service"; and ancient curse-formularies, where "the cursing worshipper prays that the things tabued to his enemy may be to him *ἑοῖα καὶ ἀνευθερά*" (p. 504). She then discerns in this primitive tabu, as "mysticized" (apparently) and "spiritualized" by Orphism, "the ritual forecast of a higher guerdon": "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Nothing but darkness visible results from thus projecting the mysticism of Johannine Christianity into the backward and abyss of savage tabu, or from the juxtaposition of a simple-hearted domestic custom and form of words—presumably of quite recent origin—and the imprecations extorted by fear and wrath from worshippers of nether-world divinities. But no doubt we are not intended to take all this too solemnly. Miss Harrison herself has, in fact, genially supplied the needed corrective in her airy remarks upon the Athenian Thesmophoria. It is "pleasant" to remember, she astutely observes (p. 145), "amid the decay of so much that is primitive and robust," that in the Communion service of "our own Anglican Church, with its string of holy curses annually recited, 'They keep the Thesmophoria as they always used to do.'" Again, our author, who cannot be ignorant of existing difficulties centring around the question of uniformity in ritual, ironically contrasts modern dogmatic theologians with the Greeks, who "in their greater wisdom" saw that "uniformity in ritual was desirable and possible," while

they left a man "practically free" in the only sphere in which freedom "is of real importance, *i. e.*, in the matter of thought." Miss Harrison then proceeds to express a far more qualified admiration for those clauses in "our own creed" which are governed by the dogmatic *Credo* than for the solitary clause concerning baptism and the remission of sins, which is under the regimen of *Confiteor*. This clause has, she thinks, "traces of the more ancient conception of the avowal of ritual acts performed" (p. 156). Similar to this acknowledgment of one baptism are, to the thinking of our authoress, those Orphic confessions of ritual acts performed that have been deciphered on the two gold tablets of Compagno. Their complete text, she tells us, is "the expression of a faith so high that it may be questioned whether any faith ancient or modern has ever overpassed it" (p. 587).

In the above pronouncement Miss Harrison exhibits the courage of convictions rather more extreme than those expressed in the fifth sentence of her Introduction, which declares that "what a people *does*" in relation to its gods is "one clue, perhaps the safest, to what it *thinks*." Indeed, her tendency to look upon ritual as an almost infallible guide is illustrated by many passages, notably where she dwells upon that Bacchic madness which is based, not only upon a "definite" faith, but upon a faith which is "the utterance of a definite ritual" (p. 434). "Utterance," here metaphorically used, probably conveys the meaning attached to it elsewhere in a remarkable phrase descriptive of Athena—"the proud rationalism of Athens, uttering itself in a goddess who embodied Reason" (p. 649). If it were not for her insistence upon the adjective *definite* in connection with Bacchic madness, the most general statement of Miss Harrison's ground for choosing to emphasize ritual might be found where we read: "Until the coming of art and literature, and to some extent after, the formulary of theology, is, 'All things are in flux (*πάντα ῥεῖ*)';" (p. 604). At all events, Miss Harrison puts her repeated criticisms of the Olympians upon this broad ground; for, immediately after the above characterization of theology, she answers, with an admiring affirmative, Maeterlinck's "dédacé" challenge: "La clarté parfaite n'est-elle pas d'ordinaire le signe de la lassitude des idées?" This same view must also account for her objection to the "insistent Greek habit of impersonation" (p. 215), and for her rejection of anthropomorphism as "a clear religious gain." She rather deplores in it "the loss of the element of formless, monstrous mystery." Homer's Olympians are accordingly dismissed from her field of study, now because "they are law-abiding gods, rational, human," instead of being, what Miss Harrison requires, "vague, irrational, mainly malevolent *δαίμονες*" (p. 7); now because of the "vividness and the clear-cut outlines" of their personalities (p. 164); again, because they are "the splendid phantoms of an imagined Olympic pageant," instead of being, like Persephone and her daughter, "real, earth-born, flesh-and-blood creatures" (p. 566) and finally we hear that Homer, who lends his Olympians such clear, human outlines, treats the Erinyes with "epic vagueness" (p. 223).

It is difficult, indeed, without more as-

sistance than Miss Harrison offers in these pages, to seize upon or draw clearly any precise line of separation between her Olympians and the nether-world potencies who enjoy her fastidious approbation. Nor is the cleavage between Olympus and the nether-world, as present to our author's mind, more clearly brought into general view by her first chapter, in which Olympic is distinguished from Chthonic ritual, on the strength of a definition of holiness reluctantly assented to by Euthyphro in Plato's *Dialogue* of that name. If this account of holiness is to pass current as manifestly characterizing Olympian observance to the exclusion of all Chthonic ritual and worship, the reason must be that Euthyphro, who is forced to assent, does so as a representative of exclusively Olympian worship. But how, we must ask, can he possibly be so regarded? The most casual reading of the *Dialogue* in question reveals that, through the whole of it, Euthyphro's dominant impulse, present throughout his stiff encounter with Socrates, is to clear himself from the pollution of blood (*μίασμα*) by which, through his father's callousness, he has become tainted. He is in a state of superstitious terror, and even uses the very verb (*ἀφοσιῶ*) which, according to Miss Harrison, "lay at the root of the Orphic and Christian notion of spiritual freedom," and contains the primitive notion of "release from tabu," so that it "may be rendered as 'to purify by means of an expiatory offering'" (p. 504). Euthyphro's acceptance of "an act in which gods and men do business with each other" as a definition of holiness cannot, therefore, attach itself to one species of Greek religious observance more appropriately than to every other, nor was it at all meant by Plato to bear the enormous burden laid by our author upon it. Indeed, Euthyphro's case is one aptly illustrating "the strenuous effort after purity of life" so impressively mentioned in the closing sentence of this book, as one of the two redeeming and illuminating impulses present alike in the highest and the lowest forms of Orphism.

But, after all, Miss Harrison's topic is not the Olympians, and she must be permitted not to give a connected account of them, since she unmistakably announces beforehand that they are no concern of hers. The same is true of each one of the individual Olympians. Zeus enters on the scene chiefly as invading the rites of a snake-god, or again as an interloper in the cave of Chiron, and he is cavalierly despatched as the "archipatriarchal bourgeois" (p. 285). Apollo is, in one place, polished off as a "parvenu"; among the Olympians, women-goddesses, elsewhere above suspicion's breath, "became abject and amorous" (p. 273)—all excepting Athena, who becomes "unreal, theatrical" (p. 304), and Artemis, who "lies properly outside our province" (p. 301). So do all the Olympians. Miss Harrison takes them to be latecomers in Greece, brought in from the North by Professor Ridgway's Hiberno-Achaëans, and detains them only long enough to bid them stand and deliver those numerous ritual observances upon which her learning and ingenuity, in league with Dr. Verrall, Professor Ridgway and others, contrive to lay an embargo in the name of Chthonic ritual. However ardently we may desiderate for the future some connected account of the

Olympians to smoothe over the rough places at which, lacking her further aid, the reader of her *obiter dicta* so constantly stumbles, it was no doubt necessary to get these Olympians somehow out of the way before we could enjoy a fair glimpse at the lower stratum of our author's predilection. Yet she can never have done with the Olympians, and is always busy-ing herself in describing her own nether-world favorites in terms of the Olympians, and never quite identifies one of them until she has found him lacking in the Olympian quality. "Not content with relieving us of all our valuables," our Olympian might say, "the lady keeps us prisoners after our ransom has been paid, and untiringly heaps insult upon injury."

SIX MUSICAL BIOGRAPHIES.

Beethoven. By J. S. Shedlock.—*Mozart.* By Ebenezer Prout.—*Mendelssohn.* By Vernon Blackburn.—*Sullivan.* By H. Saxe Wyndham.—*Gounod.* By Henry Tolhurst. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan.

Chopin. By J. C. Hadden. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The publishers of "Bell's Miniature Series of Musicians" were well advised in choosing as editor C. C. Williamson, who has proved his fitness for the trust reposed in him at the outset by his judicious choice, in most cases, of the writers to whom he assigned the different composers. This is true particularly in the case of the 'Beethoven,' the 'Mendelssohn,' and the 'Mozart,' written, respectively, by J. S. Shedlock, Vernon Blackburn, and Ebenezer Prout. The 'Wagner' and 'Haydn' by John F. Runciman, also, will, it is safe to predict, prove worthy of high praise as well as novel in treatment. In these books an attempt is made to give in from fifty to eighty pages, a bird's-eye view of the principal facts regarding the lives of composers and their works. Mr. Shedlock's 'Beethoven' may be taken as a good example. Twenty pages are devoted to a biographic sketch, and this is followed by sections on the symphonies, sonatas, quartets, 'Fidelio,' masses and oratorio, characteristics, sketch-books, a list of principal compositions, and a bibliography. One does not, of course, expect any new facts or points of view regarding Beethoven in such a brief sketch; but Mr. Shedlock cites (p. 32) an interesting account of the first performance of 'Fidelio' by Dr. Henry Reeve, which biographers have heretofore overlooked. Oddly enough, Dr. Reeve found the story "a miserable mixture of low manners and romantic situations," and the overtures "too artificially composed to be generally pleasing." One may forgive Mr. Shedlock the pleasing delusion that Beethoven provided a "special unity" for the different movements of his sonatas, making them, as it were, different acts of a drama. In the list of principal works, he includes of the symphonies only the third, fifth, seventh, and ninth. Why not the 'Pastoral'? And in the list of chamber music why was the A major sonata for piano and violoncello omitted? It is certainly one of Beethoven's most inspired works. The author's modesty should not have led him to omit mention (in a footnote or in the bibliography) of the chapter on Beethoven in his own 'History of the Pianoforte Sonata,' where these sonatas are treated with

an insight and a critical candor unique in the literature of the subject.

Mozart's life, despite its shortness, was marked by more incidents of interest than Beethoven's, and Mr. Prout accordingly bestows on it fifty-two of his sixty-four pages. In declaring that Mozart's pianoforte works do not rank among his greatest achievements, the writer shows a discernment which we miss in his prediction that Mozart's symphonies will outlive those of Tchaikovsky. It may be that Mozart was, as Mr. Prout claims, the most wonderful "all-round" musician that the world has ever seen; yet he is never at the head, having been surpassed in every branch by other masters.

That Mr. Vernon Blackburn's 'Mendelssohn' would be unconventional, judicious, and a good piece of literature, was a foregone conclusion. It takes courage even now to say to an English audience, with reference to the resurrection of Bach's "St. Matthew's Passion" by the subject of this monograph: "I sometimes think, even confronting so beautiful a score as the overture to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' that this was Mendelssohn's greatest gift to our time." Mr. Blackburn dwells considerably on that trait in Mendelssohn's character which made him declare that to play the pianoforte before Queen Victoria was the greatest joy of his life. He also comments on the lack of the heroic element and virile resistance in Mendelssohn. Lucky and successful, as a rule, beyond all other musicians, the slightest rebuff embittered him; had he been "compelled to endure the whips and scorns of time which fell to the lot of Wagner, it is likely that we should have had little enough work from his pen." "The strangest part about his end was probably the extreme depression of the brain: he could not remember his triumphs; he could only remember his failures." But we must resist the temptation to quote more from Mr. Blackburn's fascinating little volume.

The treatment of Sullivan and Gounod is less authoritative and commendable than that of the foregoing booklets, but these volumes, too, will serve their purpose fairly well. Mr. Tolhurst, of course, has a good deal to say about "Faust," and he devotes a chapter to "The Redemption." But why is no mention made in the bibliographic section of the admirable pages on Gounod—the best ever written—in Saint-Saëns's 'Portraits et Souvenirs'?

Mr. Hadden's 'Chopin' does not belong in the same group as the foregoing; it is one of the series of "The Master Musicians" issued under the editorship of Frederick J. Crowest, whose qualifications for such a post were discussed in the *Nation* of August 12, 1902. Mr. Hadden, as a rule, follows good models—Huneker, Niecks, and Hadow; but in his opinions he frequently out-Crowests his editor. To take a few samples: On page 3 we are informed that Chopin might have been actually "great" if he had only lived longer. "But these are vain speculations!" On p. 201 we read that Chopin was "the Shelley and Keats of music"; and, a few pages further on, that he was "no mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies," and that Liszt "lacked the technical training necessary to develop in a natural way." Can it be that Mr. Hadden wrote these chapters originally for serial publication in *Punch*? Except from the comic point of view, there is no real justification

for the existence of this book. Everything that can be taken seriously in it has been much better said elsewhere; but the chapters on George Sand and Chopin's love affairs may divert the casual reader. The reference to the fact that in Chopin's day such singers as Malibran-Garcia, Pasta, Rubini, Lablache, and Schroeder-Devrient were to be heard in Paris, calls attention to the fact that there were star casts before the days of Maurice Grau and Augustus Harris.

L'Art dans l'Italie Méridionale. Tome Premier: de la Fin de l'Empire Romain à la Conquête de Charles d'Anjou. Par Émile Bertaux. 404 Figures dans le texte, 38 planches hors texte en phototypie, et deux tableaux synoptiques; dessins et photographies de l'auteur. Paris: Albert Fontemoing. 1904.

This book avowedly proceeds from the French School at Rome, and is published under the patronage of the French Ministry of Public Instruction. The author is lecturer on the history of modern art at the University of Lyons, and has been a member of the School at Rome. The French historical movement, so strongly marked since the close of the Franco-Prussian war, and showing itself in a multiplicity of works devoted to special races, special lands, brief epochs of time—monographs as they might be called—is also seen in the production of such books as this. It need hardly be urged that it is in this fashion that history is now in the way of being rewritten. For good or for evil, we take each man's study of the period, the land, the political movement, which he has made his specialty, and affix to that other studies made by other scholars. In like manner this history of the art of Southern Italy is not to be begun upon by any reader with the idea that he will find in it a large consideration of the relation of South Italian art to the rest of the arts of the Middle Ages. Instead of that, he will find the closest possible study of documents, the most severe and minute examination of each of those documents, and a reproduction of all such material as is reproducible by photography. To this are to be added drawings made by the author, which, though not charming in themselves, are evidently what he needed for his purpose. They are not to be associated in the mind with those trivial drawings of Romanesque buildings with which the historian Freeman was perfectly well satisfied, as it seemed, but which could not but shock a reader interested in the aspects of things. Mr. Bertaux's drawings are light and slight, but they have significance; and it is gratifying to feel the confidence that one does feel in the plans of churches and the like which he has furnished.

The book begins with a long preface which in itself is a treatise on the art of collecting and comparing information under difficult conditions. It includes a most curious analytic account of what the author's predecessors and contemporaries have done in the study of the mediæval art of Southern Italy. There is, as of necessity, a rather too kindly account of some of those predecessors, so few, so feeble for the most part; for, as the author says, there has been no Vasari for the South, no original work to verify. This is a fault for which

every reader knows how to make allowance.

On the other hand, what is said of the shortcomings of Salazar's folios, and of the ill-luck which attended the great work, intended to be "final," of Schulz and Quast, is perfectly well said, just and discriminating. The fourteen pages of preface once overpast, there follows the introduction, which is a sketch of the historical topography of South Italy; or, rather, as we cannot use the English word topography in just that sense, a sketch of *la Topographie Historique*. This way of beginning the study reminds one of the great history of France now in course of preparation by M. Lavisse, for in that the whole first volume is devoted to the topography of France. The way in which such an essay on "topography" is made "historical" is by insisting on the Roman roads as being in themselves of such a nature as to change the face of the country—as being important in the same sense that a watercourse is important or a path through a rugged chain of mountains. This view is enforced by a map of South Italy taken from the heart of Umbria to the point of Calabria, in which the primary and secondary roads are laid down.

The First Book, then, treats of the history of art from the end of the Roman Empire to the Saracenic invasion. The author has not been tempted to go as far back into classical art as another might have done. The temptation must be almost irresistible to show the close connection between the fading Imperial art and the feeble beginnings of the mediæval spirit in Christian basilicas. Allusions to this there are in the text before us, but the story begins almost at once with the earliest churches and their decoration, and with Chapter II. we are in full course of investigation with the Campanian Mosaics before the time of Justinian. Here the illustrations begin in regular series—with the fifth-century mosaic in a Naples baptistery so little known that the guide-books barely mention its existence, and what is left of the Chapel of Santa Matrona at San Prisco near Capua, which the guide-books do not name at all and which Venturi, writing more briefly, omits, though Salazar gives a colored plate to one of its mosaic-covered vaults. With Chapter III. the ancient Duchy of Naples and the Byzantine cities of Southern Italy are considered, down to the tenth century. The extraordinary crypt of the Cathedral of Otranto on the Adriatic coast is the subject of the first large photograph which the book offers us, and the second is an extraordinary sculpture from the Naples church, while a great number of the author's drawings of capitals and bas-reliefs are distributed through the text.

In this way the First Book occupies 110 pages. The Second Book deals with monastic art under the monks of St. Basil and the monks of St. Benedict. The Third Book speaks of the art in country and in town—in the great centres and away from them—during Norman domination in the South; and Book Four deals with the art of the mountain regions, the Basilicata and the Abruzzi, from the eleventh to the thirteenth century; while finally the Fifth Book deals with art under the Emperor Frederick II., a culminating period at which one might well close the first part of an elaborate record. This latest division of the work is mainly devoted to the Gothic architecture and

sculpture of the far South, a subject little studied. The pages are crowded with illustrations. One purpose of the array of documents and their exposition is the bringing well to the front of a new name in the list of creative artists, "Magister Nicholas Pietri de Apulia," concerning whom and his separate individuality a vigorous controversy is raging.

The usual array of carefully made indices close the volume, and leave the reader in his frequently recurring state of irritation that it has not been thought practicable to unite these different alphabets into one. Geographical table, names of artists, subjects and personages treated—all might be worked into the same alphabet and the reader's patience greatly relieved thereby. On the other hand, it is a rarely given assistance that the index in every case includes the illustrations as well as the text, with a separate and easily distinguished bold-faced Arabic number to distinguish them.

The Pipe Roll of the Bishopric of Winchester for the Fourth Year of the Pontificate of Peter des Roches, 1208-1209. Transcribed from the original roll among the records of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, extended and edited, with an introduction, index, and glossary, by the Class in Palæography of the London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London) under the supervision of the Lecturer, Hubert Hall, F.S.A. London: P. S. King & Son. 1903.

This attractive quarto is of interest for two reasons: it evidences the character of the study of economic history in England to-day, and it contributes certain definite additions to our knowledge of the industrial life of the early thirteenth century. Ten years ago the prosecution of inquiry into the early economic history of England was being carried on by a few able investigators, each working in practical isolation along his own lines. The volume under review, however, shows that the competent and ambitious English-speaking student bent on research work in industrial history need no longer resort to the Continent or sit at the feet of a Schmoller. Both efficient leadership and able coöperation on the part of a mature lot of students went to the making of this study.

The Seminar Class in Palæography in the London School of Economics under the direction of the Lecturer, Mr. Hubert Hall of the Public Record Office, overhauled this venerable record of manorial economy; transcribed, extended, and annotated the text, and prepared the introduction, the appendixes, and the glossary. The roll itself contains the financial accounts of thirty-seven manors whose revenues were paid to the see of Winchester. The accounts of each manor are separable into what would be termed to-day an income account and a capital account. In the income account the gross and net receipts of each manor, computed in money terms, are first stated. Then follow the money payments made by the Bishop's local representative into the episcopal treasury, after deductions are allowed for the upkeep of farm utensils, farm labor, and the maintenance of the bishop's household or retinue. The capital account, unlike the income account, is computed not in terms of money, but in units of quantity

or number. Thus, the livestock on hand at the beginning of the year is given by number. Their natural increase, the deductions due to murrain or to sales, or to transfers to another manor, or to other causes, are enumerated, as well as the stock remaining on hand at the end of the financial year. Similarly with the stock of provisions of grain of various sorts. In short, a very good cross-section of industrial history, as exemplified in the manorial economy on church estates just before Magna Carta, is afforded by this document.

Besides the curious sidelights which it casts upon various phases of industry, such as the incredibly small yield per acre—about 4.3 bushels of wheat, for example—this series of inventories may well compel a careful revision of some doctrines which have gained general acceptance. Ashley, in his 'Economic History' (I., 43), says that the "substitution of money payments for labor dues . . . marked the beginning of a change of supreme importance." By this change he refers to the supersession of the *Naturalwirtschaft*, or barter-economy, by the *Geldwirtschaft*, or use of money as an exchange standard and medium. But from the analysis of this document it would appear that instead of the commutation of personal service for money payments marking the beginning of the aforesaid transition, there is comparatively slight mention of the payment of money in lieu of service, even at a time when money payments made by tenants to their lord were very considerable in number and amount, and when money bargains between the inhabitants of each manor were frequent. If economic historians have not overemphasized the early régime of barter, it seems pretty certain that they have generally been inclined to postdate it. The system of money reckoning would seem to have been more prevalent in early England than has hitherto been supposed.

Educational Psychology. By Edward L. Thorndike. New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 1903.

The layman's dislike of "Child Study" is no doubt a prejudice due to some vague impression that it is not the best thing possible for the child, the actual "mediocre nine-year-old child" under experiment, whose reactions are being measured, whose motor control is an object of the nicest calculations, whose temperature is taken "before and after simple tests of mental abilities," who is, in short, the *corpus vile*, the laboratory frog, of the new science. But his distrust of pedagogical psychology, his skepticism as to the practical application by the teacher of the laws that are to be deduced from all these experiments and observations, has at least so much professional support that the psychologists themselves disagree on that vital question: Can you improve the quality of your teaching by a scientific knowledge of the mind of the child? But the layman need not stop there. Let him push the question further and inquire whether you can, in any case, measure a mental fact as you measure a physical fact, whether you can talk of its weight, its duration, its volume, as though you were dealing with quantities. Kant, he may remember, thought not; and though, among professed psychologists, the

Kantian view does not prevail, the distinguished director of the Harvard psychological laboratory assures us that what the psychologist measures with his kymograph and sphygmograph and ergograph is "not the time of the primary mental experience; but the time of physical processes into which we project our mental states."

In the present volume, Mr. Thorndike, as his title would lead one to expect, takes for granted much that Professor Münsterberg questions or denies. In his preface he states that his aim is "to apply to a number of educational problems the methods of exact science." His first chapter, on the "Measurement of Mental Traits," asserts that "we can measure the ability to add or to spell or to translate Latin . . . as accurately, though not by any means as easily, as we can height or weight" (p. 4). Certainly Plato, who, as a philosopher, was a very suitable person to decide how far one science may express itself in the terms of another, expressed in an arithmetical formula his belief that the cubic content of the ideal king's pleasure is 729 times greater than the cubic content of the pleasure of the tyrant. But that was one of Plato's mathematical jokes; mathematical psychology must not claim a writer who continually dragged in mathematical analogies partly because of his æsthetic pleasure in geometrical forms, partly because ethical speculation has always found comfort in the terminology and imagery of mathematics. Mr. Thorndike's "practical certainty that the average ability of twelve-year-old boys is between 13.355 and 14.765" depended on a single test made once, viz., the marking of certain letters in a page of Spanish; he would be the last to deny that a second test would probably give quite different results. His diagram, with its "surface [why-not-curve?] of frequency," has no objective value whatever. Group measurements by teachers usually labor under two defects: the teacher is seldom a trained psychologist, so that his results cannot be regarded as a scientific contribution, while in what Mr. Thorndike calls "The Broader Studies of Human Nature" (Chap. XIV.) what is collected is not objective facts about the pupil questioned, but the teacher's subjective impression. Mr. Thorndike has, of course, no illusions as to the value of a collection of answers to such a question as that set in a certain normal school: "Have liberalizing theological opinions made you better or worse, and how?" (p. 157), but he believes that "affection for dolls can be studied as scientifically as reaction-time or rate of movement." There we do not follow him; affection for dolls never can be estimated quantitatively, as he asserts; it can only be described and analyzed qualitatively.

The subjectivity of the compiler, the ignoring of the selective agency; the impossibility of ensuring the good faith of the questioned, to say nothing of their ability for self-examination—all these lions in the path of educational psychology Mr. Thorndike recognizes and faces with admirable faith and courage. He is concerned with the ways and means of education, and he believes that some day there will emerge generalizations of practical value for the teacher from a perfected science of mental measurement. When that time comes, the child's intellect will be mea-

sured for its education with as much accuracy as its body is measured for a new suit. He sees of course that there can be no quantitative calculation without some unit of mental measurement; he therefore invites the coöperation of trained students to discover for educational science "lists of words in spelling, of examples in arithmetic, algebra and geometry, of questions in geography, history and grammar, exercises in Latin, French and German, etc., so chosen that any one will be of approximately the same difficulty as any other, or at least so that a given group of two or three or four will be of equal difficulty with other given groups" (p. 169). This is an attitude that should conciliate Professor Münsterberg and his school, who will lose half their grievance against a pedagogical psychology that measures the mind not in terms of physical science, but of questions in history. Unfortunately the personal equation enters in once more: you could not maintain absolute secrecy as to the precise units of mental measurement that are to be to educational science what the inch, the ounce, and the ohm are to physics; so you could never be sure that the decided superiority of any members of your group meant more than a superior ability to cram.

In his chapter on "The Relationships between Mental Traits," Mr. Thorndike forsakes his usual caution in handling statistics. His thesis is that relationships between mental abilities are far less close than educational literature would have us believe (p. 27). "In fact, the relationships are most noticeable by their absence or slight degree." His tables of coefficients of correlation are based on the marks of teachers and regents, and are derived from a few groups of school children only. We cannot see anything in them that would lead us to condemn as unscientific the present prevailing tradition of allied subjects, which is, after all, based on the same sort of judgments, namely, the experience of the teacher, but slowly gathered through generations, and not, like these tables, depending on evidence from a very limited field. We do not follow our leader when he asserts that such figures "clearly" illustrate his point, or that "the facts given in this chapter . . . should prove that the mind is a host of highly particularized and independent abilities" (p. 39). We decline to conclude from the table on page 37 that girls in the last four years of their grammar-school course will more profitably than boys combine English and mathematics, while boys rather than girls should elect English with geography. The table on page 39 adds a new terror to the teaching of arithmetic, if the diverse capacities required by a single school subject are to be taken at Mr. Thorndike's estimate by every conscientious teacher. "Wise teachers," he says, "will bear in mind that they are teaching not arithmetic to good and bad arithmeticians, but addition, subtraction, multiplication, fractions, etc. . . . to children whose capacities for these several lines of work are in each case a separate problem." At first sight such a refinement of individualism would seem to make class teaching impossible. But, after all, your educational psychologist who has to teach a class of fifty children arithmetic, confronts precisely the same problem as his old-fash-

ioned colleague who, as time goes on, observes that Tommy Jones can do fractions and Fanny Smith cannot, though at problems she can beat Tommy. The tact and intelligence of the teacher do the rest; and we have to be convinced that a knowledge of the precise coefficient of correlation of fractions and problems will bring him in closer touch with Fanny and Tommy.

The Views about Hamlet, and Other Essays.
By Albert H. Tolman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

It seems rather a hazardous venture to combine within the limits of the same volume such disparate material as the fragment (in somewhat modified form) of a dissertation on "The Taming of the Shrew," presented many years ago for the doctor's degree at a German university, a note on the inaccuracy of the measurements in Poe's "Gold Bug," a criticism of the author's comment in "Vanity Fair," and so on, especially as this collection of miscellaneous pieces (all of which had appeared in scattered publications before) does not come to us with the authority of a name connected with other work of a more sustained value. And, indeed, one cannot say that there is anything very original in any of the various articles which make up this volume, either in the way of new interpretation or the discovery of new facts relating to problems of literary history. Nevertheless, there is a neatness and accuracy of workmanship distinguishing the volume, combined with a freshness and vivacity of style, which we believe will render it, on the whole, agreeable reading to professional students of English. Some of the articles, although hardly embodying anything original, have a practical value, and may be recommended to teachers for use with English classes. Such, for instance, is the article on Anglo-Saxon poetry; also, the article which treats of the stage of Shakspeare's day—a subject which is just now for the first time receiving due attention. Of a less popular character, as accords with their origin, are the papers on "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Love's Labor's Won" (cited in Meres's contemporary list of Shakspeare's plays). As regards the latter play, the identification with "The Taming of the Shrew," which Professor Tolman appears inclined to advocate, is not likely to supersede the current identification with "All's Well that Ends Well"; and, indeed, a Philistine might well question anyway whether it was worth while devoting more than one-sixth of the entire volume to the discussion of a problem, the evidence in regard to which may be fairly described as all but non-existent. The eclectic discussion of Hamlet-interpretations which is given the most prominent place in the miscellany, is very sound and judicious, and on the whole this article and that on "The Symbolic Value of Sounds" seem to us to show the author's critical powers at their best. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand why Professor Tolman should have reprinted, in a volume which must find its readers primarily among professional scholars, such an obvious compilation from generally accessible sources as the paper on "English Surnames."

In conclusion, we call attention to the article on the famous Shakspearean crux, or

at least what was once regarded as such, "Woo't drink up eisel?" The fact that the phrase "eisel and gall" was often used, in early English writings, of the nauseous draught presented to Christ on the cross, has been pointed out more than once, but we believe that Professor Tolman is the first to make the very plausible suggestion as to the part which the mystery plays concerning the crucifixion may have played in giving the word "eisel" its proverbial significance.

The Life of Frederic William Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., etc., sometime Dean of Canterbury. By his son, Reginald Farrar. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1904. Pp. xxii., 361.

Mr. Reginald Farrar has wisely aimed at comparative brevity rather than at "a complete and exhaustive biography." The latter can hardly be needed. "Parish life is a prosaic subject to the public." The outlines of Dr. Farrar's career are familiar. Assistant Master at Harrow in 1854, headmaster of Marlborough College in 1871, rector of St. Margaret's and canon of Westminster in 1876, archdeacon in 1883, dean of Canterbury in 1895—beyond this list and that of his numerous publications there is not much of more than domestic interest. The disparaging adjective "popular" always clung close about him, and the critical grudgingly allowed him the praise of a rhetorician, plus immense industry and the virtues of his order. But this is not all the story. In his way he was what Heine half-jestingly claimed to be, "an anointed true knight of the Holy Ghost," i. e., a champion of free opinion and free speech. Whatever his position as thinker and scholar, he was at least a cultivated man whose convictions were not merely traditional, and who proclaimed them with fearlessness and force. If it was not in him to revise all the doctrines like F. W. Robertson, or, like Maurice, to lay a philosophic basis for a semi-rational conception of the Church and her beliefs, his mind fastened on one tenet of the ancient orthodoxy, and attacked it with a noble and efficient zeal. To the emancipated it might seem that words were wasted upon so obsolete a topic as the lake of fire; but Matthew Arnold did not think so. Writing to America in 1878, when there was great excitement over the volume 'Eternal Hope,' and premising that Farrar was not his favorite prophet, he said that the canon had actually opened the heads of many worthy people in the great English middle class to the notion that there might be some doubt about the everlastingness of physical hell torments, and that this was a great gain.

The public gain was won by some loss, or at least annoyance, to the reforming preacher. Letters warned him that the pit of flame still yawned for him if he repented not, and a counter publication bore the alarming title, 'What Is the Eternal Hope of Canon Farrar?' But this small book, perhaps the most memorable of his works, was a departure from his usual eirenic course. In general, he was of what Miss Cobbe called the "First Broad Church," and of its mildest section. Most of his writings met the case of devout people who were willing to be gently enlightened; they

were moderate, conciliatory, and edifying in a more rational way than most of their predecessors. Written not for scholars but for the masses, they doubtless helped towards the kingdom that "cometh not with observation," in the movement of religious thought towards a higher plane and a purer air.

Farrar's career offered no material for such a work as the famous lives of Dr. Arnold by Stanley and of Robertson by Stopford Brooke; nor could any sketch of him create a belated reputation, as did General Maurice's Life of his father. The present modest volume may be welcomed as the memorial of one who wrote much to the satisfaction of a multitude of quiet readers, and delivered one stroke that resounded through the English-speaking world.

Ruskin Relics. By W. G. Collingwood. With 50 illustrations by John Ruskin and others. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1904.

This book is composed of a very readable collection of articles in personal recollection of John Ruskin from the pen of his disciple, friend, and official biographer, W. G. Collingwood. Most of these articles have already seen the light in *Good Words*, but the first chapter, on "Ruskin's Chair," was written especially for the present volume. It was suggested by the remark of a visitor to the Coniston Ruskin museum, who, after he had seen everything, was heard to say: "This is all very well, but what the public would prefer is to see the chair he sat in." Mr. Collingwood feels this desire for something tangible quite natural and justifiable, although great men would rather be judged by their work alone, without offering the privacy of their lives to public view. He says:

"Relics of heroes even the ancient Romans treasured. Relics of saints our forefathers would fight for and die for. Relics of those who in modern times have made our lives better and brighter we need not be ashamed of preserving. And among relics I count all the little incidents, the by-play of life, the anecdotes which betray character so long as they are truly and lovingly told."

Mr. Collingwood proceeds to tell us, after a brief description of the actual chair in Ruskin's study, of that metaphorical chair of "Professor of the Fine Arts at Oxford" to which he was elected and which he held to such good purpose, although so little either to the satisfaction of the dons or of the townspeople whose sons fell under the master's influence. One can easily imagine that, to the purely practical mind, a drawing-school, provided at Ruskin's great personal cost as to time and money, of which the aim was, not to paint salable pictures, but to inculcate, by a course of severe training, proper appreciation of Fine Art, so that its attainment should not be considered within the grasp of every one, must have had no *raison d'être*. In the second year there were but three pupils, and it was then that Collingwood joined it and worked diligently under Ruskin's directions. He tells us how he was later promoted to translating Xenophon's 'Oeconomicus' for Ruskin's 'Bibliotheca Pastorum,' and how exacting in preserving the Greek flavor in the translation the master was. Besides art and literature, the followers had to learn the dignity of labor practically dem-

onstrated at the Hinksey diggings; and nature study also was one of the branches, in various forms, but always with great insistence on accuracy and fulness of observation. Ruskin's teaching consisted not only in making you see what he saw himself, but in helping you to look for yourself.

The following chapters are about Ruskin's boat and its construction; his garden, and theories of what a garden should be like; a journey abroad in 1882, in which the reader will note the leisurely method of travelling in years gone by, and its advantages over our present system of hurrying on. One of the most interesting essays is on Ruskin's drawings, under what influences he first practised the art, and the ultimate result of his lifework in that direction. Then follow rather discursive articles on Ruskin's Bibles and jewels and friendships, in which much is told of his ways and habits. The book reads like a supplement to Collingwood's Life of Ruskin, in which he had not space to tell all he wished to say. There are also several very trivial attempts at musical composition by the master.

The typography is in excellent style, and the volume is full of illustrations of varying degrees of interest.

The Journey of Coronado, 1540-1542, from the City of Mexico to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and the Buffalo Plains of Texas, Kansas, and Nebraska, as Told by Himself and his Followers. Translated and edited, with an Introduction, by George Parker Winship. With map. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1904.

Any one familiar with Mr. Winship's inestimable publication of the original documents on Coronado, and with his translation of them, through the medium of the Bureau of Ethnology, will recognize the contents of this handsome and very convenient 12mo reissue—which might, in fact, be termed a pocket edition—of the large quarto mentioned. The exceptions are the Spanish text and some notes that could well be spared the general reader, however valuable they are to a student. This is, in every respect, a timely and most practical work. While the specialist, of course fully appreciates the changes wrought, in the last twenty-five years, in our appreciations of Spanish colonial history of the Southwest, the general public (represented largely by the "intelligent" tourist to New Mexico and Arizona) does not care for salutary innovations. Like most of the inhabitants of those parts of the United States, he clings to the fleshpots of Egypt in the form of dim fancies and vague interpretations, supposed to be more romantic than the plain truth. He does not know better and does not want to learn. It suffices him to be told that Santa Fé is the oldest town in the United States, it is "so romantic" to revel in the sight of the old "palace of the Montezumas," and to glory in the belief that the church of San Miguel is as old as the hills, and older if possible.

Mr. Winship has now taken away from these complacent souls the excuse that it is too difficult to get at the original sources, that the Spaniards were "such great liars," and the like palliatives for ignorance and conceit. He has also driven the Southwesterners who fed the public and them-

selves on credulity, from the field for ever. By this handsome little volume, which any one can carry along as easily as a Baedeker, he has placed within reach of any one the material furnished by the original discoverers of the Southwest, with such additional information as enables the reader to judge advisedly of the evidence. With this guide in hand, the tourist can go about from site to site and enjoy the romance of the past, if he is so inclined, virtually in company with the actors of the drama, reading their own words on the spot to which they refer, and in the best rendering possible. We heartily congratulate Mr. Winship on this eminently practical little volume. Its typographical execution is in full harmony with the excellence of its contents.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, condensed by Hector MacPherson. (Library of Economics and Politics.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1 net; postage, 10 cents.
Alburt, T. Clifford. Notes on the Composition of Scientific Papers. The Macmillan Co. 3s. net.
Beldam, George W. Great Golfers. With contributions by Harold H. Hilton, J. H. Taylor, James Braid, Alex. Herd, and Harry Vardon. The Macmillan Co. \$3.50.
Benson, Arthur Christopher. Alfred Tennyson. (Little Biographies.) E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1 net.
Berdoe, Edward. A Primer of Browning. London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents net.
Bottone, S. R. Radium, and All About It. London: Whittaker & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1s. net.
Brandes, George. Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. Vol. V.—The Romantic School in France. The Macmillan Co.
Busch, Wilhelm. Zu Guter Letzt. (Verse.) Munich: F. Bassermann.
Campbell's Poems. Selected and arranged by Lewis Campbell. (Golden Treasury Series.) The Macmillan Company. \$1.
Clark, Galen. Indians of the Yosemite Valley. Published by the author at Yosemite Valley, Cal. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.
Eclectic School Readings. Smiles's Self-Help, edited by Ralph Lytton Bower; Stories from Life, by Orison Sweet Marden; Lives and Stories Worth Remembering, by Grace H. Kupfer; and Dickens's Christmas Stories, edited by Jane Gordon. 4 books. American Book Co.

Chamberlin, Georgia Louise. An Introduction to the Bible for Teachers of Children. (Constructive Bible Studies.) Chicago: University of Chicago Press. \$1.
Churchill, Winston. The Crossing. The Macmillan Co.
Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Vol. I. Madison, Wis.: Republished by the Society.
Corbelli Taciti Annalium Libri VIII.-XVI. Introduction and notes abridged from larger work of Henry Furneaux by H. Pitman. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Cornish, Charles J. Sir William Henry Flower, K.C.B.—A Personal Memoir. The Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d. net.
Crawford, Francis Marion. The Heart of Rome. The Macmillan Co. Popular edition. 25 cents.
Davidson, A. M. Campbell. Present-Day Japan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$4.50 net.
Eastburn Narrative. Reprinted from original edition of 1758 with introduction by John R. Sears. (Narratives of Captivities.) Cleveland, O.: The Burrows Bros. Co. \$2.
Eckstrom, Fannie Hardy. The Penobscot Man. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
Ely, Richard T., and Wicker, George Ray. Elementary Principles of Economics. The Macmillan Co. \$1.
English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Edited from the collection of Francis James Child by Helen Child Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge. (The Cambridge Edition of the Poets.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.
Funk, Isaac K. The Widow's Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
Galsworthy, John. The Island Pharisees. (A satirical novel.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20 net.
Gateway Series of English Texts. Burke on Conciliation, edited by William Macdonald; Carlyle's Essay on Burns, edited by Edwin Mims; and George Eliot's Silas Marner, edited by Wilbur Lucius Cross. 3 books. American Book Co.
Gilman, Charlotte Perkins. Human Work. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50 net.
Gleaves, Albert. Life of James Lawrence. Introduction by George Dewey. (American Men of Energy Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.
Glenn, Thomas Allen. William Churchill Houston, 1746-1788. Norristown, Pa.: Privately printed.
Gordon, Charles. Old Time Aldwych, Kingsway, and Neighborhood. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3 net.
Gore, Bishop Charles. Why We Christians Believe in Christ. (Bampton Lectures, shortened by the Rev. T. C. Fry.) E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents net.
Gould, Elizabeth Porter. The Brownings and America. Boston: The Poet-Lore Co.
Gould, John M., and Blakemore, Arthur W. The Bankruptcy Act of 1898. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Gummere, Richard Mott, and Stork, Charles Wharton. Arcades Ambo. (Verse.) Philadelphia: H. W. Fisher & Co.
Haldane, Richard Burdon. The Pathway to Reality. Vol. II. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3 net.
Hancock, H. Irving. Physical Training for Children by Japanese Methods. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.
Hartzell, Albert A. Alicia. (Fiction.) Buffalo, N. Y.: Revere Pub. Co. \$1.25 net.

Hill, R. G. English-Spanish Manual. Revised and enlarged by C. G. Morton. Third edition. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co.
Hoffman, Ralph. A Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50 net.
Jellinek, Georg. L'Etat Moderne et son Droit. Part I. Book I. Paris: Albert Fontemoing. 7 fr. 50.
Lamb's Essays. Selected and edited by George Armstrong Vauchoppe. (Standard English Classics.) Boston: Ginn & Co.
Locke, Clinton. Five Minute Talks. Second series. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. \$1.25 net.
Lowrie, Walter. The Church and Its Organization. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50 net.
Maurice, Arthur Bartlett, and Cooper, Frederic Taber. The History of the Nineteenth Century in Cartilage. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50 net.
McCulloch, J. A. Religion, Its Origin and Forms. (The Temple Primers.) London: J. M. Dent; New York: The Macmillan Co.
McLaughlin, James M., and Gilchrist, W. W. Educational Music Course: Teachers' Edition for Elementary Grades. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.25; postage, 15 cents.
Millet, Gabriel. La Collection Chrétienne et Byzantine des Hautes Etudes. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale.
Montgomery, D. H. An Elementary American History. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Pendleton, Louis. In Assyrian Tents. (Fiction.) Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.
Phillips, W. Alison. The Life of George Canning. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Picton, J. Allanson. The Religion of the Universe. The Macmillan Co.
Pope, G. U. A Handbook of Tamil. Seventh edition. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 7s. 6d. net.
Potter, Margaret Horton. The Flame-Gatherers. (Fiction.) The Macmillan Co.
Redman, William. Marks on Old Pewter and Sheffield Plate. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1 net.
Remert, Hugo Albert. The Life of Lope de Vega. Glasgow: Gowans & Gray, Ltd.; Philadelphia: Campion & Co. \$3.50 net.
Rives, Hallie Erminie. The Castaway. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Sedgwick, Henry Dwight. Francis Parkman. (American Men of Letters.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10 net.
Smith, David Eugene. Primary Arithmetic. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Straube, Max. Manual of German Etymology. Abridged edition. The Albright Pub. Co.
Sutphen, Van Tassel. The Gates of Chance. (Tales.) Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
The Hayfield Mower and Scythe of Progress. Boston: P. O. Box 1765. \$1.25 net.
The Poultry Book. Part X. Doubleday, Page & Co. 60 cents net.
Thompson, John. A Greek Grammar. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.
Wilcox, Delos F. The American City: A Problem in Democracy. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
Wurdz, Gideon. The Polish Dictionary. Boston: The Robinson, Luce Co.

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